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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885.

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Price Ten Cents.



HE WANTED TO MARRY A CHILD,  
AND WAS INDIGNANTLY TOLD TO GO ELSEWHERE BY AN EXCEPTIONALLY CONSCIENTIOUS LONG ISLAND DOMINIE.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Franklin Square, New York.

A WASHINGTON dealer in tricycles complains that the use of one by Beva Lockwood has injured the sale of the "machine."

THE circulation of the *World* when Mr. Pulitzer took charge of it two years ago, was 15,000; it is now 154,000 and growing every day.

INSTEAD of "jumping on" the Rev. Dr. Crosby, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland ought to attack a man of her size. Gail Hamilton, for instance.

It is said that Odium once saved the life of a fifteen-year old son of Schuyler Colfax from drowning in the breakers at Fortress Monroe.

FRED. DOUGLAS now attends the same church in Washington that the President does, and the members don't seem to like it any too well.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has discharged the French cook and proposes to struggle through without the French dishes of his nobby predecessor.

WITH a doctor for a father, and a doctor for a husband, and a druggist in the family, Emma Nevada can have a sore throat whenever she feels like it.

CONSOLS went up to par in London yesterday. When consols are at par there's little chance of war, which is a very poetic and very truthful way of putting it.

THE confidential clerk and the trusted bank cashier are now running neck-and-neck, with the young man who always bore a good character coming in third.

A PARAGRAPH says that Vice-President Hendricks has consented to address the Yale law school alumni at commencement. He has to do something to keep before the people.

THE peach crop is to be a total failure this year, just the same as it is every year. The fiend who starts this report on the rounds has got so used to lying that he can't do anything else.

THE Mayor of Ounay, Cal., wears his hat on the back of his head and spells country with a k, just the same as when he was plain Mister. Consequently the citizens are very proud of him.

Two newspaper correspondents have been forbidden the White House on account of stories which they circulated concerning Miss Cleveland. They should also be forbidden the capital.

DR. HAMMOND denies that bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, etc., result from the wearing of low-necked dresses, claiming that those diseases are common among men whose chests are protected.

THE Sultan of Turkey has purchased a magazine shotgun in this country which can be fired six times in three seconds. The vicinity of his majesty's harem will now be a good place to steer clear of.

COMPLAINTS about the adulteration of lager beer are now quite common, but the average drinker doesn't lose heart about it so long as the bartender does not adulterate the schooner with too much foam.

To a romantic young man, twenty-five years of age, who writes that he is tired of life and finds nothing "to vary the monotony or quicken the blood," the Philadelphia *Press* replies that blue mass and potash might help him.

MR. DANA reproves the Kansas City *Times* for printing a wood cut of Minister Winchester which, he says, is neither faithful nor pleasant. Has Mr. Dana forgotten that awful nightmare which he labeled W. S. Holman in 1883?

A TORONTO judge has refused the application of certain petitioners for the incorporation of a club for rowing, sailing, yachting and other social sports, on the ground that the petitioners were too old for such exercises.

NOTWITHSTANDING the strongest kind of evidence against him, the Yale College Senior who maltreated an officer has been acquitted. The New Haven people won't allow such a little thing as the law to interfere with their pets.

POOR old Turkey is of the opinion that she has her hands full in taking care of the territory she already possesses, and she declines the proposal of England to occupy the Soudan. England will have to hunt up some other nation to accept the gift.

THE New Jersey tenement house has a habit of closing up like a concertina, which is very annoying to its inmates. So far the landlords have escaped from the ruins, but the prospect for a reign of terror among house-renters and builders is very good.

THE episcopal bishop of the Quincy diocese has been sued for libel by one of his ministers. Matters are becoming worse and worse daily. The preachers have not as yet carried their affairs into the public courts, but the tendency is in that direction.

CONFLICTING reports from Canada are again the order of the day, and now comes a denial of the surrender of Poundmaker to Gen. Middleton. The enterprising correspondents may have Middleton surrendering to Poundmaker before the week is out.

CONTRARY to scientific opinion in the East, it is now ascertained that the genuine Hessian fly has scaled the Rocky mountains and invaded the wheat fields of California. This news is expected to encourage our festive potato bug to go and do likewise.

THE war between the Chicago Board of Trade and the Open Board of Trade of that city has ended in a surrender by the former. The Open Board, however, loves its new found liberty too well to go back in the traces, and has galloped clear away from its old companion.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has issued its Summer Excursion Route Book. It is a beautiful volume, filled with fine illustrations, and gives a vast amount of information in regard to summer resorts reached via the Pennsylvania Road. It is a marvel of typographic excellence.

JAMES N. DAY, a confidential clerk for a Broadway, New York, firm, is short in his accounts about \$50,000. He lost the money in Wall street, and the members of the firm, without intending to be slangy, are murmuring to themselves that it was a "cold" day for them when Jim got left.

REFERRING to his versatile young friend, Ferdinand Ward, Mr. Fish, recently a cold-blooded capitalist, now a jail-bird, says: "There was so much lying on the part of Ward that I can't tell you anything about his affairs. As I look back, I can't recollect anything he ever told me that was true."

FOR using profane language a citizen of Texas was fined a dollar the other day, and in default of payment was committed to jail. If the law is rigidly enforced, the jails of the Lone Star State will soon outnumber the saloons, and the fines of those able to pay will amount to enough to liquidate the national debt.

It is said that there is one office in the gift of the Government that nobody wants. It is the consularship at Monterey. Monterey is a good-sized city, and is a rather pleasant place to live in. But the people there have never gotten over Gen. Taylor's capture of the town forty years ago. They do not realize that the war is over, and hate Americans as intensely as ever. About two years ago they got mad, smashed in the windows of the American consulate, and assaulted the vice-consul, a methodist preacher. To an able-bodied citizen, who likes excitement and plenty of it, Monterey offers an inviting field.

MOANG THUKHADA, a Siamese traveler, has just written a book about America, in English. He has lived in Philadelphia, where he states that he married "the daughter of a gentleman of the trade of keepers of saloons." He thus explains why he writes his book in English: "I consider language to be the chief charm of all America. Now if I write my book in my own language, my people, having it read, will know not all the English language, only the American manners; but if my book I write in English they perceive the beauty, the elegance and all the number oneness, as the Americans would say, of the language which I did learn, and which they will desire to learn, from the lips of natives."

WE thought so. Recent Washington dispatches told us of two men who refused to longer draw pensions from the Government for disabilities incurred during the war. We are informed that one of the men is insane. Now investigate the other case and you will find him likewise—as crazy as a bed-bug.

It is reported that two New York dynamiters have arrived in Paris with a newly invented machine which will blow the crust off the island of Great Britain, if they decide to use it. It is sure to go off, the mechanism being very simple. Heretofore the dynamiters themselves have gone off in most instances—off for life.

LEST the odor of peculiar sanctity which hangs over the Boston Ideal Opera Company should be in any wise impaired by the divorce court developments in Boston, it is well to have it distinctly understood that Miss Ober's Sunday-school organization has not been contaminated by Miss Beebe's presence for several years.

THE new postal card will be a delicate pink. We betray no secrets in stating that Postmaster-General Vilas' thinks seriously of having the mail-bags printed in old gold with a four-inch dado of bird's-egg blue and a large daisy in each corner. Reform and art are going hand in hand clear through the whole Civil Service.

A NEW YORK man got mad merely because his monthly gas bill was jumping up at a remarkably lively rate in spite of his efforts to keep it within bounds. Then he turned off the gas entirely and burned oil for a month, but a bill for \$17.85 came around at the end of thirty days, and he has lost his confidence in the adage, "Economy is wealth."

IN Norristown, Pa., the festive goat neutralizes the beneficent influences of Arbor Day by persistently and industriously barking in their most tender and succulent spots the newly planted trees and shrubs. State legislation in favor of tree growing having been secured, there is now a howl for like legislation against the tree-destroying goat.

THE reports of the outrages by the Indians in the Northwest Territory are sickening to peruse. Men and women are horribly mutilated, and innocent children have their brains dashed out by the red demons. These same bloody fiends, however, find plenty of sympathizers in the Eastern States. The residents beyond the Mississippi are better acquainted with the character of the animal.

THAT clumsy, ungainly and money-losing ocean elephant, the City of Rome, succeeded in running into a fishing-smack on her way here, causing the death of twenty-two men. The City of Rome was built for the Italian, but sold to the Anchor line after a trial trip. She has never been a success as a passenger steamer, being slow and awkward, and will probably be sent to join the Great Eastern one of these days.

A BAND of cowboys boarded a train in New Mexico, a day or two ago, and, with drawn revolvers in their hands, compelled the members of the Theodore Thomas Concert Troupe, who were on board, to give them a free performance—a scene illustrated elsewhere. Madame Materna tried to beg off, but the cowboys insisted, and she had to sing. Because a man whacks a bull across the plains is no reason why he should be thought to have no music in his soul.

THERE are some racy idioms in Kansas. Adopting a few of them, a visitor recently wrote home saying that he rose at "sun up" and felt "right peart," for it was a "pretty day" on the rolling prairies. The darkey woman of the house was "right handy," but on the whole "the 'darkeys' of Kansas are a 'trifling set.'" He had a good breakfast of pone and pork, went to the creek to "wash up," and rode "old Mary mare" for amusement.

Now they are worrying at Washington for fear that the dome of the capitol may fall with disastrous results both to the public property and human life. But there is probably no immediate danger of this. The dome has stuck in its place and attended strictly to business right through all the lobbying and bribery and public robbery by Mr. John Bosch and abetting congresses and naval officials, and it is not likely that it is going to topple now.

THE people who are arguing to save Riel's neck from the halter are probably talking to no purpose. We do not say that Riel ought to be hung, and as a matter of fact there are some palliating circumstances in his case which ought to have consideration. But the fate of Cunningham is probably the least that will happen to the rebel leader, and the chances that he will have to swing are extremely numerous. The British Government generally executes vengeance as well as justice whenever the opportunity is offered.

## SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



"Little George" Moore, the presting genius of Frank McDonald's, on Hiecker street, is the best known of all the "young fellows" who have an outside interest in the gentle art of pugilism. He brims over with wit and good-nature, and is withal as plucky as they make 'em. One of "Little George's" principal functions in public life is the reception and distribution of the English mails among our imported fancy.

John Hunt defeated John Welsh in a 100-yard run for \$400 at the fair grounds, Youngstown, Ohio, May 23.

Alexander Snowden, champion rollerite, was tendered a benefit at the Institute Rink, Boston, Mass., May 20.

John Van Zandt recently caught 125 shad and 1,500 herring in one haul of his seine at New Baltimore, on the Hudson.

Charles Frazier, of Smithville, N. J., has, we learn, joined the professional ranks, and will make a tour of the West, trick-riding on the Star.

D. M. Sullivan, now of Walkerton, Ont., puts up \$50 with a challenge to any man in Canada to jump in various styles, vault and hitch and kick.

John S. Prince won a 4-mile race at the Carolina Fair Association Grounds, Charlotte, N. C., May 23, defeating four trotting horses, each going one mile.

"Torkey," the old-time sporting man, has just recovered from a severe attack of inflammation of the bowels. He has been missed by the habitués of the Manhattan.

President Coon, of the Columbia Boat Club of Washington, D. C., who is also Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has been on a brief visit to Fortress Monroe for the benefit of his health.

Prof. Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, deposited May 23, in the Hudson River, above Troy, 1,200,000. These fish were hatched at the United States Fish Hatchery Station, at Havre de Grace, Md.

Charles Foss, the jockey, was on May 26 arrested in this city while engaged in a fight with James Wilson, whom he is charged with stabbing. He was taken up to await the result of Wilson's injuries.

Isaac Smith, formerly an officer in the General Sessions Court, this city, and a devoted angler, has taken a long lease of Sandbar's Hotel, Prince's Bay, where handiers of the rod and reel will be made welcome.

Dick Hollywood, the retired pugilist, is in Indianapolis, Ind. His daughter Clara, one of the famous Hollywood opera company, has just purchased a home in the latter place, at the neat sum of \$25,000 for the same.

Joe Spencer, aged sixty-five years, is to commence on June 1st a walk of 4,000 miles over roads and tracks in 110 days, consuming himself, as before, to beer and spirits when he desires liquid refreshment. He starts from Little Bridge, London, Eng.

Prof. W. H. Martin, instructor at the Wells Memorial Gymnasium, Boston, Mass., has resigned his position, being called to a Western State on important business. Henry J. Barry will occupy his position till the close of the present season.

The ex-champion sculler, Edward Hanlan, arrived in San Francisco from Australia May 21. A telegram says that, upon being questioned as to his defeat by Beach, he delivered himself thus: "I simply met a better man than I was at the time. I was beaten fairly and squarely. I will return to Australia in eighteen months and try him again. Beach is the best man I ever met, and I am authorized by his backer to say that he is ready to row any man in the world for from \$5,000 to \$25,000, and allow travelling expenses." His health is said to be excellent. He intended remaining in San Francisco ten days, after which he would start Eastward, and probably go into training on Toronto Bay.

Dennis Murray, of Newark, N. J., well known in sporting and political circles of that city, died suddenly on May 23. He was proprietor of a saloon on Market street, a few doors from Broad, which was a favorite resort for sporting men and others, and was quite popular among all classes. In 1878 he interested himself in John Hughes, the long-distance pedestrian, and, after the latter had given a six-day exhibition-race in the Newark Rink, he backed him against Dan O'Leary in the first contest for the Astley belt in America. The result of that race was a severe defeat for the ambitious Hughes, and soon afterward he and Murray had a misunderstanding, when the latter withdrew his support.



## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

## The Rise and Fall of the Gifted Young Hebrew Histrionic Artist.

The gifted young Hebrew artist has for a real name Bettelheim. His style of the theatre, as the French say, is Montague de Lacy Irving. He was famous



He gets his first idea.

three months ago in every theatrical newspaper in the country.

To be famous in theatrical newspapers is a luxury as generous as it is cheap. It costs one dollar per week per newspaper. Artists who have credit at this, that, or the other bar can achieve fame even less expensively.

Three months ago, Montague de Lacy Irving was an immensely popular actor. Twenty-five dollar audiences howled themselves black in the face for



He devastates the Bowery as an amateur.

him. In Southwest New London, Vermont, it was openly said of him in the local monthly newspaper that he owned the mantle of David Garrick. But this, perhaps, was due to a confusion of ideas and a theory that, being radically a child of Israel, as per his nose, he had called at Garrick's house according to advertisement and bought the garment second-hand at his own price.

The fame of three months ago, and to say, is the dire poverty of to-day, and Montague de Lacy Irving is no longer to be envied by the rest of mankind. For Montague de Lacy is dead broke.

It came about in this wise:



He joins a song-and-dance team.

Ten years ago Montague De Lacy was known as Ike Bettelheim, and lived on Orchard street, in the eastern dominions of New York. All the Bettelheims, large and small, contributed to the family income by vari-



He becomes a society actor.

ous dark industries, and none of them worked harder or turned in more money than the lean and shamble-shanked Isaac.

One dark and dreary day a celebrated actor, needing a pair of suspenders and having no money to waste on such a trifle, exchanged a doubtful order for a gallery admission for the article of which he stood in such urgent necessity. It cost Isaac a pang, to exchange his suspenders for the part, but, after much travail of spirit, he did so.

It was the first time Isaac ever went to the play—and that one fatal, fascinating experience ruined his whole life.

Three months afterward Isaac was the pride of the Mount Sinai Hebrew Young Men's Dramatic Association, and his *Armand Duval* (played after an entirely original conception of his own) is even yet mentioned



He breaks up.

with respect and awe by the salesladies of Ridley's and Arnold & Constable.

A native so ambitious as that of this talented young Israelite was not to be limited to mere efforts in the amateur field. In due time, as one of the Marvelous Cohenlinski Brothers, monarchs of song and dance, every free-lunch saloon on the Bowery eagerly opened its portals to him and felt honored by his presence in its doorway.

Six months as a Cohenlinski Brother was enough, in these piping times of the modern drama, to promulgate his fame in strictly legitimate circles. That buxom and beautiful star, Miss Nannie Blatheringport was on the road and required a loud and hearty juvenile man to catch her every night when she made

her historic deathfall. Six athletic *jeunes premieres* offered themselves as candidates, but only Isaac Bettelheim, now inscribed upon the roll of Immortal Genius as Montague de Lacy Irving, was chosen to fill the place.

Alas! and alack a day! So great, so vivid, and so instantaneous was the triumph of the sparkling young Hebrew that his head was turned, and last April he walked home from St. Paul, Minnesota, that saddest and direst of failures—"a busted attraction."

Now, forsooth, if thou wouldst see him, he thee to



we returns to his old trade.

the neighborhood of the Bridge entrance, and for a brief but necessary five minutes dicker and deal with a certain lank, bearded and long-nosed child of the tribe of Ephraim, who sells, through his nostrils, suspenders at a waintry-five shents the pair.

For the end and the beginning of the Hebrew tragedian are even as one.

## STAGE WHISPERS.

Florence Maryatt will sail for England June 12.

Henry E. Abbey will return to England about the middle of June.

Nilsson will reappear in London June 10, at the Balf Memorial Concert in Albert Hall.

Miss Marie Van Zandt is to sing at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, next Winter.

Major Pond proposes to import the remains of Miss Reeves for a concert tour next season.

Mr. Couriel has engaged Charlotte Wolter, the German actress, for a season here, beginning next March.

Sardou's "Theodora," with Sarah Bernhardt, is to be played at the Gaiety, London, July 11, for two weeks.

Arthur Rehan has secured the sole right from Augustin Daly to play "A Night Off" next season through the country.

Charles Burnham, sent by John Stetson to Europe on a secret mission, has returned. Miss Fortescue has not been secured.

Manager Amberg, of the Thalia, states that his next German operatic and dramatic season will begin at that theatre October 1.

"Dead to Rights," a new local melodrama by Chas. Gayler, is to be produced here under the management of W. W. Tillotson.

It is stated that Steele Mackaye is no longer in control of the Lyceum Theatre, owing to Mr. Brent Goodie, his backer's, refusal to put up more money.

Helen Blythe and J. F. Brien are meeting with success in the leading parts of "The Silver King," which they are at present playing through Canada.

Frederick De Bellville has been engaged as the leading member of Bartley Campbell's company for next season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Dr. Lizzie Safford Gillespie, an actress who has forsaken the stage for medicine, has been appointed physician to the Actors' Fund in Brooklyn, E. D.

Jules Massenet, the composer of the successful new opera, "Manon," is preparing a grand opera based upon "Notre Dame de Paris," by Victor Hugo.

Carlotta Patti and her husband, M. De Munk, the famous cellist, will return to America for a concert tour next season, under Max Strakosch's direction.

Henry French desires to warn managers against the Wilbur and Huntley dramatic companies, who are pirating Victor Durand and other copyrighted plays.

Miss Somerville, of the "Adonis" Company, will join Eustis' burlesque company. Her part, the Mountain Maid, will be played by George Fortescue, the Man-Whale.

The Baroness de Rotchkoff has delayed her departure for Europe in order that "Paquita," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, may benefit by her participation in the cast.

Vernona Jarbeau, Harry Brown, Harry Richmond, Charles Turner, the Vivian Sisters and Carrie D'Angelo have been engaged for the Bluff Burlesque company.

Gustave Amberg will play his Thalia company on the road for twenty-one weeks. He intended to go to Europe, but the prospect of a successful summer season on the road changed his purpose.

Signor Muzacotta, in an article on Verdi, states that the barrel organ, as worked in his native village, near Buseto, Italy, by itinerant grinders, was the first to awaken his musical susceptibilities.

Marie Prescott, Joseph Haworth and Selina Delaro are the principals in the cast of "A Moral Crime," which J. M. Hill will bring out at the Chicago Columbia Theatre. Marie is by no means a moral criminal.

"May Blossom" is doing a fine business in San Francisco, where it opened a week ago. Mr. Hayman, who is in New York, says, indeed, that the houses are the largest ever known in California at this time of the year.

Henry Irving has been obliged to abandon in London the proposition to have reserved seats in the pit and gallery. The crowd would not stand it, and forced him to go back to the old system of first come, first served.

Clara Louise Kellogg, Laura S. Graves, Whitney Mockridge, Ivan E. Morawski, Ollie Terbett and Adolph Close constitute the new concert company to begin a western tour, June 15, under J. B. Pond's management.

H. W. Ellis has not sold his play, "Gotham," to Dr. Callahan, of San Francisco; he has simply arranged with that gentleman to produce it in the city named. Dr. Callahan started for San Francisco recently with the MS. in his possession.

Now that Manager Sam Colville has been released from his labors at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, he proposes to bring Lydia Thompson and a new burlesque company, composed of her grandchildren, to this country early next fall.

Dying Boudcault's new play, "The Jilt," is said to have had a successful production in San Francisco. The dear, good old man left for Australia on June 6, where he will play in the two leading cities, Melbourne and Sydney, for three months.

Charles Reed, the 'Frisco minstrel, has been engaged by Haverly for six weeks at a very large salary. It is said that Reed has secured M. H. De Young's new theatre, the Alcazar, in San Francisco, where he will open with a new troupe next season.

The late Moritz Crossman, known on the stage as Maurice de Neuville, was a good actor who always hated Edwin Booth; but had he lived he would have probably assisted at the recent union of the great tragedian's daughter with his only brother.

Dick Fitzgerald has received a cablegram from Lina and Vanl accepting an engagement with the Howard Athenaeum Company for next season. They are male and female eccentric dancers and tumblers, and are said to be very skillful, and at the same time funny in their act.

Miss Anna Warren Story has refused a summer engagement at Dayton, Ohio. Miss Story is a good actress and a very handsome woman. Something quite unusual. She played leading business with Keene and Janaschek for several seasons and made quite a reputation.

Robert Finley, an actor, was tried and acquitted at special sessions for an alleged assault upon Eliza Douglas, his wife's aunt, who claimed that he struck her because she refused to loan him money. Finley claimed that his arrest was part of a conspiracy to separate him from his wife.

Mr. Frank Hardenbergh, who has been for some time back confined in the Hartford Retreat for the insane, is reported to be slowly progressing toward renewed mental vigor. He was taken to see Margaret Mather the other night, and as that produced no serious effect the doctors are much encouraged. According to the reports from Hartford, Mr. Hardenbergh's hallucination is that he is the greatest actor in the world. Every actor, then, is insane.

## A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John J. Sauer, a young clerk in the employ of Henry K. Crawford, a druggist, at 120 Hudson street, New York, went to the store on the morning of June 1 a little after 8 o'clock. When he approached the place he saw two young men standing in front of the door. One of them said to him:

"The door's open, but there isn't anybody in the store."

To his surprise Sauer found that the front door was standing wide open, but that the door in the back part of the store leading to the sleeping-room of Richard H. Hands, who sleeps in the store at night, was closed and the gas was turned on at full head. Sauer, followed by the two young men, who were strangers to him, entered the store, and the clerk proceeded to the back room to wake up Hands, who he supposed had overslept himself.

As he opened the door he started back with an exclamation at the sight which met his eyes. Hands was half sitting, half lying in an armchair, with a gaping wound over his right eye. His throat had been cut literally from ear to ear, and his head was hanging over the back of the chair. The floor for a space of two feet on each side of the chair was covered with coagulated blood, which had evidently flowed from the gash in the throat. The unfortunate man was fully dressed and as his cot bed had not been disturbed, it appeared as if he had been killed before retiring the night before.

No clue has, so far, been found to the murderer.

## POUNDMAKER.

[With Portrait.]

Poundmaker, the leader of the Cut Knife Creek, sent in a flag of truce last week along with the captured teamster, two women and a priest, to ask upon what terms he would be allowed to surrender. Baptiste Fontaine, the scout, who was supposed to have been killed a fortnight ago, while on a scouting expedition under Constable Ross, came in with the released prisoners. He says that Poundmaker was demoralized on hearing of Riel's surrender. The Indians were terribly frightened, and piled their rifles in a tepee and hoisted an old British flag which they had captured somewhere. They then held a big council, and decided upon sending a letter asking for terms of surrender.

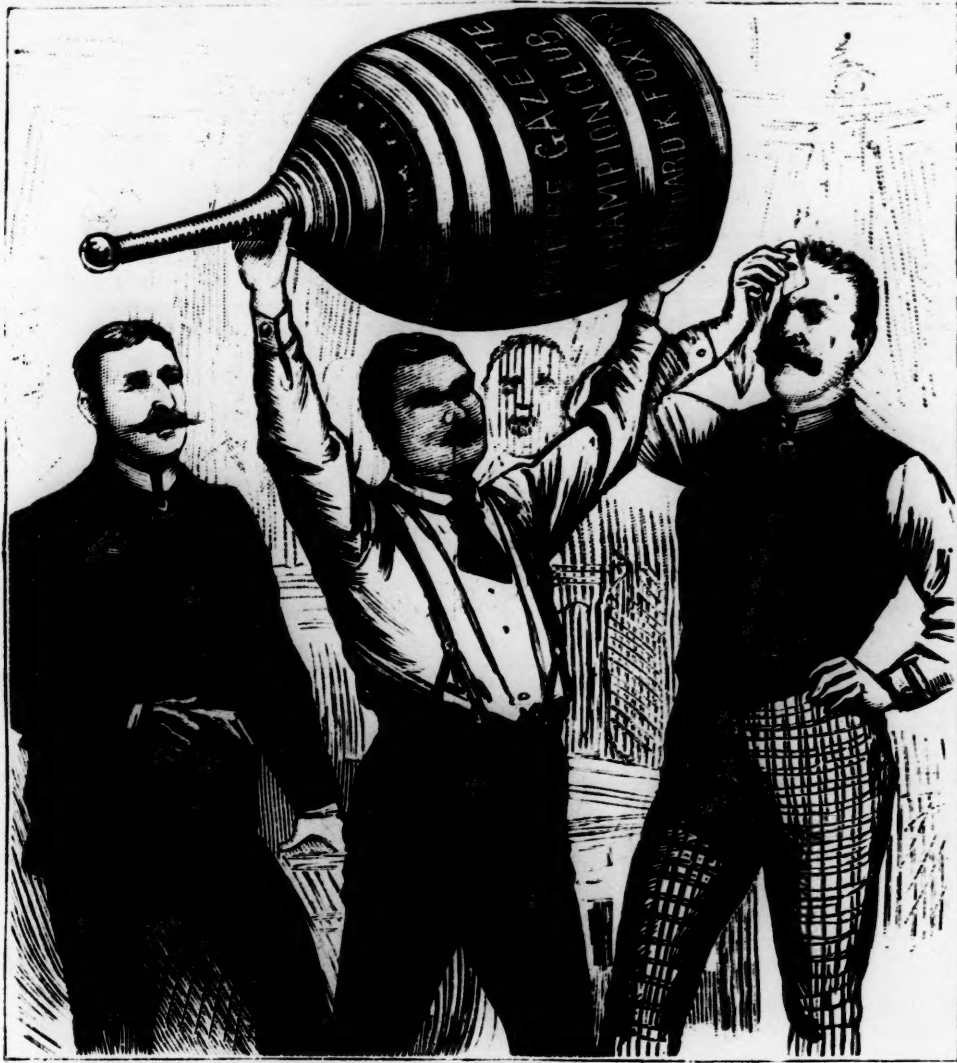
## MRS. ALICE O'KEEFE.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week an excellent portrait of Mrs. Alice O'Keefe, the Fifth avenue boarding-house keeper, who claims to be the lawful wife of Ross Winans, the Baltimore millionaire.

If you want to know what is going on in first-class athletic sports, buy the POLICE GAZETTE.





HE BESTED THEM ALL.

MATRADA SORAKICHI PUTS UP THE "POLICE GAZETTE" MAMMOTH CLUB EIGHTEEN TIMES.

**Mme. Materna and the Cowboys.**

The Theodore Thomas Concert Troupe, which arrived at San Francisco May 27, report that their special train was boarded at Coolidge, N. M., by a herd of cowboys, who, with drawn revolvers, made the musicians play and Mme. Materna sing. The musicians began playing

"Home, Sweet Home," but the cowboys yelled for "The Arkansas Traveler." Mr. Thomas gave orders to give them what they wanted. Mme Materna complained of a headache, but the cowboys would not take no for an answer.

**Evicted by Gunpowder.**

A young Wall street broker, who has for a long



MATERNA AND THE COWBOYS.

CATTLE-DRIVING MUSICAL ENTHUSIASTS IN KANSAS PERSUADE THEODORE THOMAS TO GIVE AN IMPROMPTU CONCERT.



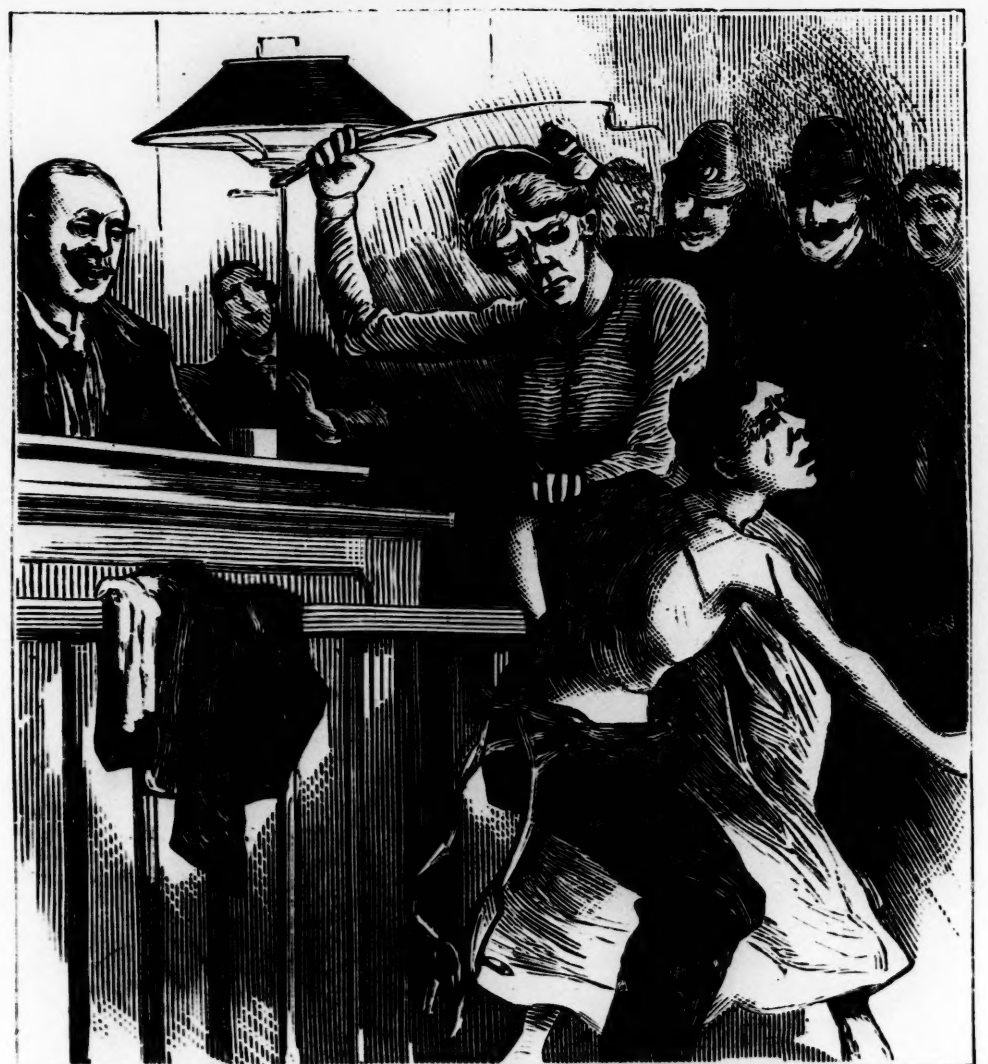
EVICTED BY GUNPOWDER.

HOW A WALL STREET BROKER GOT RID OF A LOT OF UNPROFITABLE FEMALE CUSTOMERS.

time been annoyed by a lot of unprofitable female customers, hit on a dodge by which he got rid of them. He made a small gunpowder train to his door, and when his office was full of the "undesirables" he quietly dropped his cigar into it. In another minute the room resounded with shrill shrieks, and the ladies stood not upon the order of their going, but went.

**Whipped by His Mother.**

A Louisville Judge suspended sentence last week on a bad youth, with the understanding that he should be chastised by his mother in open Court. We illustrate the scene on this page.



WHIPPED BY HIS MOTHER.

HOW A LOUISVILLE YOUTH WAS MATERNALLY PUNISHED AT A JUDGE'S SUGGESTION.





OWEN FAWCETT,

THE VETERAN COMEDIAN, WHO IS NOW A MANAGER ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.



CORA S. TANNER,

THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO MADE THE HIT OF "ALONE IN LONDON."



GUSTAVUS KENTZ,

ALIAS FRANK LAVOY, FRENCH GUS, ETC., THE KING OF BURGLARS; A MASTER OF THE PROFESSION; CAPTURED BY INSPECTOR BYRNES.



"BIG" FRANK MCCOY,

THE NOTED CRACKSMAN, WHO IS WANTED IN THE STATE OF DELAWARE, TO SERVE OUT HIS UNFINISHED TERM OF IMPRISONMENT.



POUNDMAKER,

THE LEADER OF THE CUT KNIFE CREEK INDIANS WHO RECENTLY SURRENDERED TO GENERAL MIDDLETON.



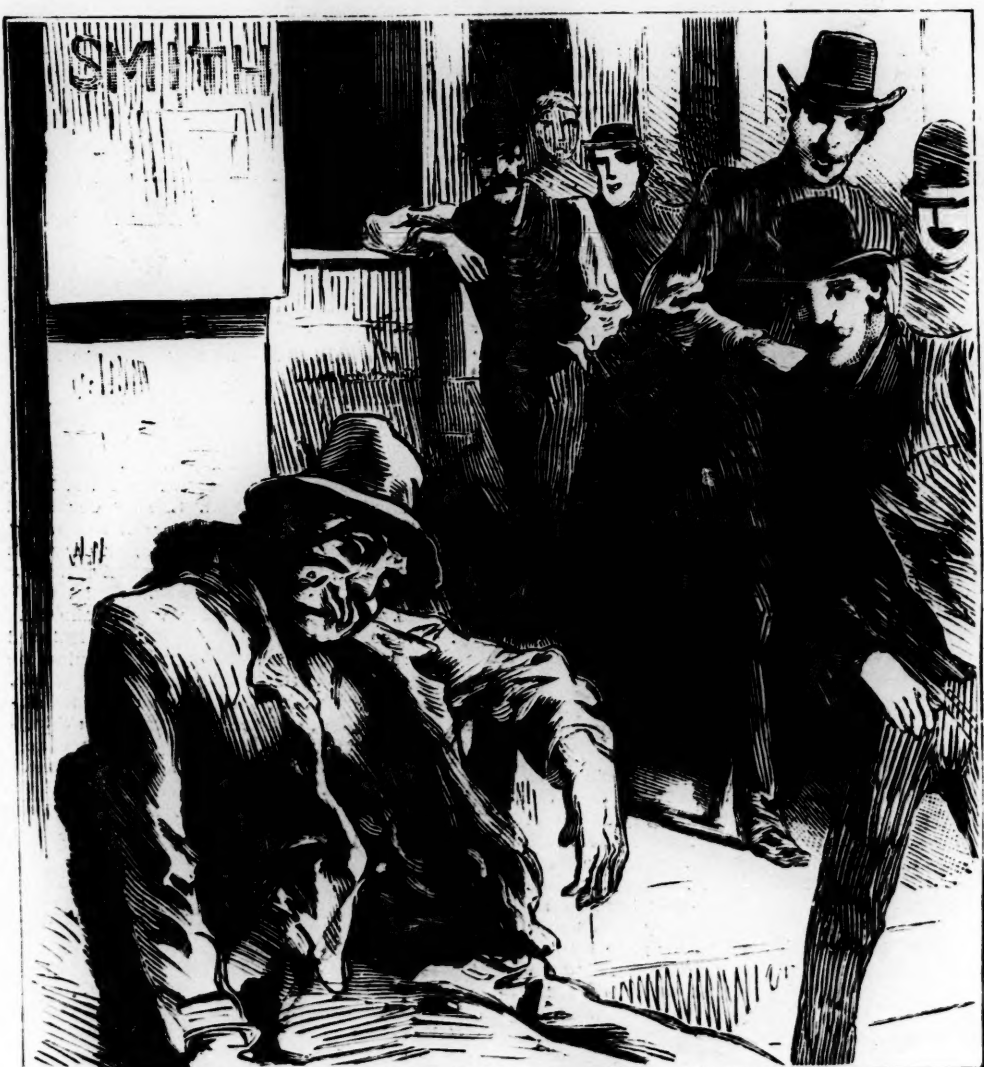
RICHARD S. SCOTT,

THE \$5,000-REWARD ABSCONDING PAYING TELLER OF THE BANK OF THE MANHATTAN CO., NEW YORK.



MRS. ALICE O'KEEFE,

THE HANDSOME YOUNG WOMAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE WIFE OF BOSS WINANS.



A FREE SHOW,

WHICH WAS AFFORDED BY A SLEEPING TRAMP IN ONE OF THE ARCHES OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

## A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

SULLIVAN WINS.

Judge Allen, of Boston, announced his decision in the Sullivan divorce case last week as follows:

"I do not think that the charge of gross and confirmed habits of intoxication has been sustained. No doubt Sullivan drank to excess, but his habit cannot be called 'gross and confirmed.' The acts at Helena and at Leaville are not proved here. Besides, there are general charges of cruelty on Aug. 31, 1884, and on Sept. 29, Oct. 6 and Dec. 6. The first act would have been a good cause for divorce if Mrs. Sullivan had left her husband after this, but her conduct showed that there was condonation. The question is whether there were any acts by him afterward which were so cruel as to annul the condonation. She relies on the act on Sept. 29, at Natick, and on Oct.



6, at Boston, and on Dec. 6 at Boston. On the first occasion, she said, he kicked her in the side; that his sister was present, and that she showed her the mark. Mrs. and Miss Adams saw the mark, but they did not know how it was caused, and Sullivan denies the kicking. Then they came to Boston and lived together. On Oct. 6, it is stated, he came in sober, when she asked him not to go out, and he turned and struck her with an umbrella. She is, however, not corroborated, and he denies it, and this stands only on her assertion. The next time was Dec. 6, when she left home. He went home to change his shirt, and she asked him what he wanted to do that for at that time, and then he used bad language. She left the house that night, and he has not seen her since until she was in court. It appears from the evidence of Mrs. Durgin that he slapped her at the door, but she showed no marks of violence. Then the tearing of her clothes took place after she had left. Mrs. Durgin further says she did not see Sullivan abuse his wife at any time. This does not show anything but that he did not abuse her habitually.

"The fact to be decided is, Did he use personal violence to her on these occasions? The accuracy of her statements has been considerably shaken, and the circumstances of her relations to him are so peculiar as to put the case out of the ordinary condition. I do not say that his conduct has been gentlemanly, but after Aug. 31 there does not seem to have been any specially cruel treatment such as might annul what was done then. The circumstances are peculiar. It is not like the case where an honest girl is deceived by a man. This woman was of mature years, and had probably lived with a man whom she described as her husband, and then she seems to have sustained the position of a wife to this man after she had known him only two days. He gave her considerable money and no doubt some ill treatment. But I cannot apply the same standard in this case as in others. Still, a man must not ill treat his mistress if he marries her, and this woman is entitled and shall receive proper protection from the court. But all the circumstances must be looked at, and in this case no public interest calls for a divorce. On the best reflection I can give to the case, it does not seem to me that Mrs. Sullivan has received such treatment as entitles her to divorce. The libel is dismissed."

This ends the affair for Mrs. Sullivan, and John L. Sullivan has won a great victory without a blow.

## MORE WIVES THAN ENOUGH.

New Haven, the city of moral record and steady habits is enjoying a full-fledged sensation in the shape of a bigamy case which is now undergoing police investigation. A medium sized man, with piercing eyes, a sandy mustache, brown hair brushed low over the forehead, and a narrow complexion, occupied a seat by himself May 29 in the City Court prison pen. He was neatly attired, and on the docket, under the name of Francis Stone, was charged with non-support of his wife. In the evening a little black-eyed brunette, attired in a silk dress which had evidently seen better days, and with a veil tied over a jaunty poke bonnet, which concealed both hat and features, called on Assistant City Attorney Dailey, and told a sad story of desertion, neglect and abuse on the part of her husband. The attorney at once issued a warrant, which was given to Detective Reilly, who placed Mr. Stone under arrest. Investigation indicates that Stone is not only a bigamist, but one who deserves the severest punishment the law inflicts.

When Detective Reilly arrived at the house he found that no such man as Stone lived there, but a confederate store, owned by one Frank Barnes. As Frank

Barnes' description agreed with that of Francis Stone, the detective took him into custody. He also found a young lady there who answered to the name of Mrs. Frank Barnes. She said she was the proprietor's wife, and the proprietor said the lady was his wife. As soon as he was informed of the nature of the warrant issued against him Barnes or Stone suddenly changed his mind and said that the young lady was his housekeeper. The young lady also changed her mind with equal suddenness and said that she was a clerk employed in Barnes' store.

The lady who called on the City Attorney and said she was Mrs. Francis Stone, tells her story in substance as follows:

"I was married to Francis Stone, that man in there (indicating the prison pen), eight years ago. I was only seventeen then and was a school-girl. In September I was going back to boarding-school in Montreal, but in August I ran away with Frank while visiting friends in Poughkeepsie. We went to Brooklyn and were married. I had other offers, but I disobeyed my parents and married the man I loved. He lived a fast life, associated with bad women, and I told him I would not put up with such a thing. Last June we went to Buffalo on a pleasure trip. While there I learned of his going out riding with a fast woman. I found fault with him about it and we had hard words. He left me, saying that he would return at noon. I have not seen him from that day until this morning when I talked with him in the lock-up."

Mrs. Stone also said that she had lost two children. Her mother was dead and her father had re-married. She was without friends or money. Three months ago, to earn a livelihood, she went on the stage with an English opera company. While at Richmond, Va., she was taken ill and had to give it up. Since then she has been unable to work.

Barnes or Stone was not inclined to tell his story at first, but finally said that the separation from his wife was a mutual one. The reason he left her, he said to a reporter, was because she drank too much. He denied that she had ever had any children.

A pleasant-faced, neatly-dressed, demure-looking young woman, with fair complexion, glossy brown hair and large, hazel eyes, called at the Police Captain's desk in the jail building and asked to see "Mr. Barnes." This proved to be wife No. 2, or, as the prisoner now puts it, his housekeeper. Wife No. 2 was not inclined to be communicative at first. She said she wished to talk with Mr. Barnes before saying anything.

"He never told me that he was married, and I never knew him under any other name than that of Frank Barnes," she said. "I met him in Philadelphia nearly a year ago and came to New Haven with him."

"Are you married to him?"

"I can't answer you now. I am alone and without a friend in the city, and I don't feel as if I ought to talk until some one has advised me. I have telegraphed to my brother, John Wilbert, but he can't get here until to-morrow. If he comes at all. What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the unfortunate girl, piteously.

"I never dreamed he was married. I supposed he was single and just as he represented himself to be. Now I find he has another wife, and I don't even know what his real name is. One thing is certain, I don't want to ever live with him again after this."

Wife No. 1's (Mrs. Stone's) maiden name was Nellie McGivern. Wife No. 2 was, or rather is, Miss Wilbert, of Philadelphia.

Attorney Dailey talked with Miss Wilbert, or wife No. 2, and the woman acknowledged to him that she was wedded to Barnes, and up to last night supposed she was legally married to him. Miss Wilbert had over \$100 saved up at the time she married Barnes, and this money has been used in buying household furniture. Wife No. 2 learned that wife No. 1 had instituted proceedings to attach the property in the store.

Wife No. 2 says she was married to Barnes last July.

## MR. SIMPSON WASN'T AFRAID.

A middle-aged woman in a red and brown check walking-suit, who wore gold eye-glasses and a heavy gold chain about her neck, stood near Detective McMahon in the Yorkville Police Court, May 23, and listened to the complaint of Albert Simpson, a good-looking man of thirty, who had caused her arrest. Simpson told the Court that he was unmarried, and was employed in the office of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. He said that on April 23, as he was leaving the Erie Railroad building at Broadway, near Twenty-third street, the prisoner approached him and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Simpson? How are you, and how is your family?"

Then she introduced herself as Miss Dora Allen. She spoke so familiarly of his acquaintances that he became convinced that she must be an old friend. They talked for a few moments and then separated.

"The next day," Simpson said, "she came into a restaurant under the Grand Central Depot, where I was eating dinner, sat down at the same table, and had a lengthy talk. In the evening she unexpectedly appeared in my room in East One hundred and Twenty-fifth street, where I was sitting with some of my friends. I had not told her where I lived nor given her any invitation to call. She sat down, and in order to get rid of her I invited her out to dinner."

Several days after this, Simpson said, she called on him at the office of the company. She first asked for a pass, and when she did not get one insisted that he owed her \$3. He ordered her to leave, and she went away. The next day she came again and threatened to spread reports which would injure him unless he gave her \$10. He said that he was not afraid of her. Then she went to a Mr. Farrington in the Erie Railroad office, and said that Farrington owed him (Simpson), \$100, and that she had been authorized to collect \$10. Next came a letter to Mr. Clark, the financial agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, charging him (Simpson) with fraud and dishonesty. She called on him again yesterday and he had her arrested by Detective McMahon.

Miss Allen admitted that she had met Simpson, as he said, but insisted that she had paid his restaurant bills and loaned him \$3. She said that he had seduced her in his office.

Detective Laird, of Fuller's Detective Agency, said that Miss Allen was Louise Dore. She had blackmailed a Chicago merchant, who, she said, was the father of her child, and had been arrested for swindling in 1872. She sued Detective Fuller last year for abandonment, alleging that she was his wife. Fuller had her indicted for perjury, but she was not held.

Justice Murray held Miss Allen in \$5,000 bail.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

## HIS LAST KISS.

## Hattie Bedient's Father Recognizes Her at the Morgue.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Heliotropes, roses and similar were strewn in the Morgue pine coffin the other day about the face of the young woman who killed herself in the Grand Union Hotel. The lady who put them there said she was sorry her means would not enable her to bury the girl. The daily stream of visitors had fairly begun to flow in, when the mystery of the girl's death was cleared up by a telegram. It ran:

"CORNING, N. Y., May 25, 1885.

"The Morgue, New York:

"Hold the body of K. B. Bedient until you hear from me again. Hattie B. Bedient, missing since Wednesday, can't be found. Just such a girl as described."

"WILLIS WILLIAMS."

Then the door of the dead room was shut and newcomers had to content themselves with looking at the photograph of the girl. A closer examination of the supposed K in the initials on the girl's clothing showed that it might pass for an H.

A middle-aged man, who looked as if he had just left the plow got off the Erie train in Jersey City at 10:10 o'clock in the evening. His sunken eyes were dim with tears. He trembled as he walked the station platform. He was Gideon A. Bedient, of Hornby, Yates county. Mr. Bedient was accompanied by Harry H. Pratt, a reporter of the *Corning Weekly Journal*. They took the Chambers street ferryboat and the elevated cars, and were soon at the Morgue.

"My name is Bedient," the farmer said. "Is the keeper here?"

"I am keeper to-night," said the captain of the night watch.

"I believe the body of my daughter is here," said the farmer, speaking so low that he could hardly be understood.

"Can you recognize her from this photograph?"

He took the picture and cried:

"My God! my God!" and buried his face in his arms. He was led to where the corpse of his daughter lay on ice with flowers strewn about her face. He threw himself upon the body, and wept some time before he raised his head.

"So there is a God after all," he said, slowly, the tears coursing down his sun-brown cheeks. "Can't I stay with her to-night, keeper?" he pleaded.

"Come, Mr. Bedient, you must go now," said his young companion, leading him away.

He turned, with a parting glance at the face of the dead daughter, and said:

"Poor Hattie! Poor Hattie!"

In Bellevue Hospital he sat down alone, and could not be consoled.

"Hattie Berthine Bedient was twenty-three years old on Jan. 27 last," said Mr. Pratt to a group of reporters. "She was the only daughter of Mr. Bedient here, a well-to-do farmer of Hornby, eight miles north of Corning, though his house is four miles nearer Corning than the Hornby Post-office is. Farmer Bedient is a Yankee, and a good man, and was indulgent to his daughter. Hattie went to school at Painted Post, a small town near her home, and taught four terms in the village school at Hornby. She was always a very religious girl, almost morbidly so. She thought of becoming a missionary until she came to Corning three years ago, and became a pupil in the Union school. She boarded there at Mrs. Tyler's. She was very studious, and used to sit up in her room half the night reading. She was very reserved in her deportment, and might have been called shy. Not a word was ever said there against her character. After a while Hattie took a notion that she would like to attend school at the Dupree Academy. She entered in the fall of 1883, and took a high rank in her classes. After that it was noticed that she was less moody than she had been. Her demeanor became more jolly. She visited her mother, who was sick, three weeks ago. Hattie was then in good spirits. While spending these few days with her mother she often spoke of the time when she would make money by teaching and support her mother in her declining years, although there was no need of her saying so, because her father's wealth was sufficient to keep the family in comfort during their lives."

"On Wednesday morning Hattie told the lady principal of the academy in Dundee that she was going home for a few days. Permission was readily given, and nothing was thought of her absence, as she was in the habit of paying such visits. She took the train from Dundee at 9 o'clock, and arrived in Corning about noon. She waited in the station for the afternoon train, and was a passenger on it to Lyons. She remained in Lyons until night, and took the Central train for New York. On the train, we have learned, she exhibited much excitement. The pin and hat she wore, descriptions of which were published in the New York Sunday papers, and were read in Corning this morning, were recognized by a storekeeper there as the same she had sold to Hattie."

"Mr. Brown, of the *Corning Democrat*, showed the Sunday papers to Willis Williams, clerk in a jewelry store and cousin of Miss Bedient. Williams mounted a fast horse and rode hard to Hornby. He drew up the horse, foam flying from the bits, to a field where Gideon Bedient was plowing. He sprang from the saddle, climbed over the fence, and ran up to Mr. Bedient with the newspaper in his hand. The farmer read with breathless interest, and staggered into the house with the paper, leaving the plow horses standing in the field. His wife, when she read the news, was frantic with grief. The best horses were harnessed and brought Mr. Bedient to the railroad station in Corning just in time to catch the afternoon train for New York. On the journey here he suffered intensely and could not be consoled."

## BIG FRANK MCCOY.

[With Portrait.]

When Kentz, the burglar, who is widely known as Frenchy, was arrested for cracking two safes, he told Inspector Byrnes of two other robberies that he had intended to take part in, and which, he said, had been planned by big Frank McCoy, a burglar better known and more dangerous than himself. One of the places that they had intended to rob, he said, was the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank. The other robbery was what he called a "stick-up job." He had posted himself on the actions of a cashier in a big factory, and learned that on the 14th of each month he went to a bank and drew \$2,000, which he took to the factory for paying off the hands and other monthly expenses. McCoy said that they could follow him until they got him in some quiet place and then make off with the money.

Frenchy said that he had agreed to meet Frank on Chatham street, in front of the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, at noon the next Tuesday.

Detective Sergeants Al. Williamson and Ferris were in front of the bridge before noon, and when McCoy came along sharp on time they arrested him. He went along quietly, and chatted pleasantly with the detectives. Inspector Byrnes had hesitated to arrest him on the unsupported testimony of an acknowledged thief, but knowing that he was an escaped convict from the New Castle jail, Delaware, where he had been sentenced for a bank robbery, he decided to hold him for breaking jail. Detective Sergeant Frinck went to Wilmington, Delaware, and had an interview with Judges Wooten, Whitley, Chief Justice Cornegys, and Chief of Police Hugh McConnell. The Judges decided that the honor of the State demanded that a notorious criminal like McCoy should be forced to serve out the sentence. Then they began drawing up the necessary papers to extradite McCoy, and Chief McConnell telegraphed that he would come after McCoy.

McCoy is one of the most expert cracksmen in the country. He is not yet forty years old, and is quite good looking. He is six feet tall, has deep blue eyes, close-cut, sandy hair, and a long, neatly trimmed, sandy-colored beard.

## SORAKICHI'S MUSCLE.

## He Lifts the 150-pound Club Eighteen Times and Beats Capt. Daly.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish-American athlete, snatched from the Police Gazette office the other afternoon with a big roll of bills in his pocket to make a match with Emil Voss, the German Hercules, for \$250, to lift R. K. Fox's big 150-pound club more times than Voss. Voss didn't come in, but Matsada Sorakichi did, and he had a lot of greenbacks with him, too.

"You put that club up six times the other day, I hear," Sorakichi said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, I did," retorted Daly, "and I'm going to bet \$500 on the outside that I beat Voss."

"Well, it's something new to me," the Jap continued, "but I'll bet \$10 that I can put it up ten times myself."

Capt. Daly smiled incredulously, and said, "I'll have to go you, Mat."

The Jap stripped off his outer clothing, and walked around the club thoughtfully. It is four feet high and nearly two feet in diameter, and built purposely to tease heavy lifters. The Jap bent himself like a crescent suddenly, and, seizing the handle with one hand and sliding the other under the bottom, drew himself up straight slowly, and elevated the huge thing eleven times. Then he stood it on the ground and claimed \$10.

But Capt. Daly didn't let him have it. "I thought you were fooling, Mat," he said; "you didn't put up the money."

The Jap wiped the perspiration from his brow, counted out \$10 from his roll of greenbacks, and slipped it into Harding's fist.

"Now the money's up, anyhow," the Jap said, "and I bet you I can beat you lifting that club."

Daly put up a \$10 note, too, peeled off his clothes, and hoisted the tremendous club fourteen times.

Spectators who had been invited watched him with open mouths. He had more than doubled the highest previous record.

"That's pretty good," the Jap said, "but watch me."

He rushed at the club just as he rushes against his adversary in a wrestling bout, and had the club in the air in a twinkling. Then he sent it up deliberately eighteen successive times, closed his hand upon the stake money, and smiled delightedly.

## DOMINIE HOLBERG'S TALE.

## Some One Wants to Get Square Because He Refused to Marry Him.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Rev. O. H. Holberg, of Woodhaven, L. I., is responsible for a story of an unusually sensational tenor, but withholds the names. He claims that he was pledged to secrecy. "A short time since," so says the dominie, "a friend of mine, who is the brother-in-law of a Governor of one of the Southern States, called upon me and said he wished to be married. He had singled me out to perform the ceremony as I was a particular friend of his. I consented, and a few evenings since he called at my house with a young girl but thirteen years of age, as the bride. After questioning the girl I became satisfied that she was not of a marriageable age and refused to perform the ceremony. He offered me \$100 and finally \$500. I still refused, and they left the house. I immediately put myself in communication with the girl's parents, who belong to one of the first families in New York city. Their feelings knew no bounds. They informed me that they knew nothing of the intended marriage. For his own safety the would-be groom left New York for the South. He said before going that he would get square with me. I promised the young lady's parents that I would not make the names of the parties public, and I shall keep my word."

## A DOG DRESSMAKER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An American lady who visited the store of a dog modiste in Paris declares that she never before had seen such amusing sights. The place was not so much a store as an establishment, with halls and rooms richly furnished. Ladies tripped in and out all day long, most of the visitors having with them pugs or terriers. The pet dogs were scattered through the rooms, each awaiting its turn. Many small mats and rugs were around the waxed floors, and every bit of carpeting of the kind was occupied by some pretty little creature. These dogs have various dresses. The robe used in the morning is a garment of dark blue cloth. It is called a paletot, and lined with red flannel. From a leather collar little bells jingle as its wearer walks along. Sometimes a bunch of violets is fastened on the left shoulder of the dog. On very cold days the pet is clad in sealskin of the same pattern, the collar being in fur, mounted in silver.

## HORSEFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR OVERWORKED FEMALES.

Dr. J. P. Cowan, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.



## BASEBALL.

The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



Arthur A. Irwin, the celebrated short-stop of the champion Providence Club, was born in Toronto in 1858. He moved to Boston when a boy, and developed into a ball-player with the amateur clubs of that city. He was picked up by the professional club of Worcester in 1879, and remained with them until they disbanded in the latter part of 1882, when he joined the Providence Club.

The Boston people have soured on Davis.

The St. Louis Club are apparently having a pretty clean sweep.

The old-time "boosers," Fred. Lewis, is playing great ball for Lucas.

Sunday can shin around the bases about as fast as any man in this country.

Manning has been doing great execution since he plugged up the hole in his bat.

The Chicago are running the bases in a style which put the New Yorks to the blush.

The Boston press are fine winners, but they are the worst losers on the face of the globe.

The contemptible trickery, ten to one, will win the League championship for them this season.

The young Comiskey Headlights get their reflection from the "bugle" of Von der Ahe's first baseman.

The Macons are getting hot on umpiring. They have already charged the Chattanooga with bribing an umpire.

The Boston reporters are so well versed in baseball that they invariably make more base hits than do the Boston Club.

Cuff, of the Jersey City Club, got cuffed pretty well when he ran foul of Tatle, of the Virginias, who broke his nose.

Lucas can easily afford to pay high salaries if he slaps it to his players at the rate of \$200 each for every drunk they indulge in.

The ex-champions of the American Association, like the champions, have been getting the tar knocked out of them this season.

It is dollars to cents that the Chicagos will lead the League championship race before the New Yorks go off on their first Western tour.

Anson claims that he had a bad deal in the East, and he will just a little more than get square when he catches the eastern clubs out West.

It looks very much to disinterested spectators as though the Providence players are banded together not to support any pitcher but Radbourn.

It cost "Billy" Geiss, captain of the Omahas, \$10 for shooting his mouth at the umpire. It is safe to guess (guess) that he will not repeat the experience.

Poorman, of old Jersey City and Metropolitan fame, like "Willie" Harbridge, the musquitto catcher, is doing great work in the Southern League.

Evans is now enjoying a quiet vacation at the expense of "Billie" Barnie, which is about equivalent to sipping the latter's heart's blood with a straw.

"Rooney" Sweeney surprised New York when he went behind the bat for Lucas on Decoration Day, as no person dreamed of his having such wonderful ability.

The great left-handed phenomenon pitcher, E. L. Cushman, of the Athletics, had all the "phenom" knocked out of him during the recent Western tour of the Athletic Club.

The Bostons giving "Mike" Hines twenty days' notice, comes so near being a release, that, "Mike" is now beginning to look after and study up the free lunch routes.

The Harvard College boys have met with great success this season, and they will take the championship away from Yale so quick that they will make the latter's heads swim.

Meinke was hit so hard this season by the heavy batters of the League that he is now working the sore-arm racket and playing gentleman around his residence in Chicago.

Campau, of the Erie Club, has high aspirations, and thinks industry will yet place him in the League. He will find out, however, that industry does not always elevate dubs.

After a recent victory at Pittsburg, says the Cleveland Leader, the Athletics convulsed the crowd with mirth by the entire nine falling on their knees and raising their hats in gratitude.

Lucas has an idea that he is going to get a couple of games of the New Yorks when they strike St. Louis, but if he does it will be through the assistance of the umpires and the noted St. Louis yelling mob.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says the swelling has gone out of the head of Manager Hackett so much since the recent Western trip of the Brooklyn, that he can now get his hat on without the aid of a shoe-horn.

It must have been an agreeable surprise for the Metropolitans, and a galling dose for the Pittsburgs, when the champions knocked them out in two straight games, on Decoration Day, in presence of about 12,000 Pittsburgers.

"Joe" Farrell is so badly broken up that it is now doubtful of his being able to cover third for the Detroit during this season. Therefore, the club management have given up all hope of winning the championship, and do not aspire for anything above second place.

A Boston reporter has discovered that Boston spectators like to see hard, effective hitting and fine base running, but they don't like to see the visiting club do nearly all of it. Visiting clubs who desire to please Boston people should make a note of this.—Detroit Free Press.

Daniel Sullivan, the big, pussy, mush-head of the Louisville Club, has recently been trying the John L. Sullivan racket, and has undertaken to discipline the Louisville press with his maulers. This is, probably, the greatest "error" Sullivan ever made upon the diamond-field.

The indomitable "Harry" Spence is now displaying his ball-playing powers in Canada. The climate may suit him far better than that of the U. S., as the warm, sultry days here used to make him rather tired; but we do not wish to be misunderstood, or suspected of charging him with being lazy.

The trouble with the Athletics, says the Philadelphia Herald, is too much beer and too little management. In justice to the players, however, we hardly think this is a fair statement. Because the Athletics bathe in beer several times a day is no reason for suspecting that it penetrates them.

The St. Louis Browns have been playing such great ball this season, under the personal management of President Von der Ahe, that our German friend has concluded to accompany his crack team on their Eastern trip, as he imagines his presence will keep them from flunking when they get on other dungs-hills.

Chris. Von der Ahe has concluded to make duds of his great St. Louis Browns, and has ordered for them a regular uniform blue flannel traveling suit. It would not be a bad idea for him to buy for them regulation straw hats, each with a blue band bearing the inscription, in gold letters: "The Coming Champions."

There are some bad beefers in New York, but they are not to be compared with Cincinnati. In New York, when the home club gets badly beaten, the reporters only shoot off their mouths a little bit, and no one gets hurt; whereas, in Cincinnati, they think nothing of disemboweling their defeated home players, and feeding their carcasses to the swine.

Honest, honorable Billie Barnie, while a witness in the Rowe-Von der Ahe suit, testified that first-class out-fielders are worth \$1,500 per season. Barnie tried pretty hard to get Jim O'Rourke. Did he offer him \$1,500 for the season, or \$4,500? Rowe sued for \$2,000, but on the strength of Barnie's testimony, it is claimed, Rowe got a judgment for \$500.

Caruthers, the new pitcher for the Metropolitans, was recently released by Memphis. Exactly what the Mets want with any more rejected pitchers it is difficult to determine. Begley and Beannon have managed to be batted silly in nearly every game the club has played. If either of them were winning there might be a necessity for a change.—Detroit Free Press.

The Boston League Club managers have written all other League clubs, save Providence, for expressions of opinion in the case of Pitcher Shaw, who signed with Providence in violation of a promise to play with Boston. They ask that Shaw be black-listed. This puts one in mind of the ghoul who stole the wrong body from a cemetery, then sued the trustee for damages.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When Decker walked on the baseball field at Philadelphia, June 1, to umpire the first game of the League championship series between the New Yorks and Philadelphia, he was received with great eclat by the ten thousand spectators in attendance. His face was wreathed in smiles as he raised his hat in acknowledgment. The game had scarcely commenced, however, until the same demonstrative crowd were rewarding his miserable incompetency with groans and hisses.

In each instance where an old professional ball-player has been made an umpire he has proven to be invaluable in the position. Knowing this fact, it is a problem we cannot solve why the League persists in appointing as umpires men who have never had any experience in ball-playing. There are plenty of old-timers to be found who have spent almost a lifetime upon the ball-field and are perfectly familiar with the most minute details of the game, and with all the tricks of players. From this class of men excellent selections might be made.

If Decker's umpiring in Boston was one hundred thousandth part as bad as it has been in New York city, it is no wonder he was run out of Boston. The mystery to us is to know where Decker gets his pull. He is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the most incompetent man who has ever been placed in so responsible a position. He has had three years' experience with the League, and instead of improving becomes worse and worse each season. If he should be the cause of a serious riot, and frighten respectable people from the Polo Ground League game, "Nick" Young, alone, must bear the fearful responsibility, as he persists in placing Decker in this city against the remonstrances of the admirers of the game, who desire nothing but justice and fair play. Simply because Boston, Providence and Philadelphia will not accept him, is no reason why he should be forced upon New York.

There are no files on the manager of the baseball club in Lexington, Ky., as he is business to the backbones and makes his ball-players play for all it is worth. He took his club to Richmond, Ind. May

29, and just in the midst of the game, when it looked as though the Lexington boys were going to get knocked out, their manager hopped upon the field and threatened to fine his men \$25 each if they lost the game. The boys, who fully appreciated the value of money, got down to their work without any further delay and won the game by a score of 12 to 7. We will not mention this able manager's name, for fear the Metropolitan Exhibition Company kidnap him and fire Gifford. He would also prove a valuable man for the Brooklyn, Athletics, Detroit, Buffalo and many other clubs now struggling for championship honors. Lucas could put out big money in this direction to great advantage, as this gentleman could not only win the championship for him, but he could cut down the salary list in such an able manner that the players would all be heavily in debt to Lucas at the end of the season.

## GUSTAVUS KENTZ, ALIAS "FRENCHY GUS."

[With Portrait.]

Kentz was released from Sing Sing Feb. 21, 1884. As soon as Inspector Byrnes discovered that he was here he detailed Sergeants King, Lyon, Slauson and O'Connor to keep watch of him.

The detectives found in the rooms of his daughter, Mrs. Rose Kent, among other things, a set of remarkably perfect burglar's tools, including a peculiar instrument which puzzled all the detectives until Kentz explained that it was a pick-lock of his own invention, with which he could open any combination lock, no matter how complicated it might be.

The records show Kentz to be a man of great ingenuity and bravery and a most dangerous criminal. On being taken back to Sing Sing the first time in his life, he devoted his mechanical genius to the invention of a system of locks by which all the cells in the prison could be opened at once by the simple turning of a lever. So much pleased were the prison authorities with the invention that they agreed to bring about Kentz's pardon provided he could perfect the system so that a series of cells could be opened without opening all. A few weeks more of work served to complete the invention and an application was made to Gov. Tilden for his pardon. While much pleased with the invention, the Governor decided that Kentz was much too clever a thief to be at liberty, and Kentz kept his invention. Despairing of pardon, early in 1875, by bribing some of the prison officials with \$300 which he managed to raise, he made his escape and went to Canada. He committed a burglary in a pawnbroker shop in Montreal, was arrested, convicted and sentenced for a term of three years in the penitentiary. While in the Canadian prison he introduced the system of locks which he had invented in Sing Sing.

Kentz was much sought after by bank burglars. He invented the pump blower, with which powder is blown into the crevices of safe doors, so that they can be blown open, and various other contrivances which have been used in all the prominent bank burglaries for many years, and has often said that no safe could be invented that he could not force.

The crimes for which Kentz was arrested this time are the burglary in the store of Smith & Co., on the night of April 29, when the safe was blown open and a railroad bond for \$5,000, a real estate bond for \$1,750, a gold and a silver watch and about \$80 in cash were stolen; and the burglary in the establishment of G. B. Horton & Co. on May 21, when the safe was broken open and \$234 in cash and some postage stamps and Pennsylvania Railroad Annex truck tickets were stolen.

## JOHN S. PRINCE AND WM. J. MORGAN.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish portraits of Prince and Morgan, the champion bicycle-riders, who are contending in numerous races throughout the country against men and horses. Prince is the fastest bicycle-rider in this country, and he has a standing challenge to ride any distance from one mile to ten against any man in America. He has rode one mile in 2 minutes 30 seconds, a wonderful performance, and on May 25, 1885, at Charlotte, S. C., he rode his bicycle four miles against four different trotters, and won. He also covered a mile, it is said, in 2 minutes 25 3/4 seconds, which is the fastest time ever made, and he expects in the future to eclipse this wonderful feat. W. J. Morgan has also won numerous races, but his specialty is long-distance racing.

## THE WEEK'S SPORTS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We illustrate this week the "charity race" at Brighton Beach, on which no pools were allowed to be sold; a Michigan collegian teaching Yale and Harvard how to run 100 yards; Capt. James Daly, the Irish champion athlete, putting up the mammoth "Police Gazette" club fourteen times, Page beating the amateur high jump record at Philadelphia; James Lynch defeating James McGlynn for \$100, at Flushing, and Secretary Bayard's daughter surprising the professional jockeys on the Pimlico Course in Baltimore.

## CORA S. TANNER.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Cora S. Tanner, a young and beautiful American girl, of whom Rose Eyttinge, no mean judge, said: "She's the coming actress, and don't make any mistake about it," is portrayed elsewhere. She has recently made an immense hit in Robert Buchanan's new melodrama, "Alone in London," which is to be put on the road next season under the management of Col. Wm. E. Sinn, of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

## A GALLANT RESCUE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Elsewhere we publish a sketch of the valorous salvage of a steam launch in New York lower bay by a crew of the Varuna Rowing Club of Brooklyn. The club barge happened to run across the Imperiled launch in a heavy storm on Decoration Day, and with much promptness and skill took off her numerous passengers.

## HIS FREE LODGING-HOUSE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One day last week a large crowd was entertained by the spectacle of a tramp sleeping in one of the archways of the Brooklyn Bridge who had been tattooed with burnt cork—by some of the ways of the neighborhood. The show, which was much enjoyed by the policeman on the post, was abruptly ended by the explosion of a little gunpowder in a tomato can.

## HIS LUCK TURNED.

The Avalanche of Wealth that Fell on a Man Who Didn't Jump.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Fleischer, whose husband Gustav spent his last cent to get on the Brooklyn Bridge so that he might jump off and drown himself, had a gloomy time of it the next night. Gustav was in prison in Brooklyn, and had not a friend on this side of the Atlantic. His wife had no means of supporting the eight children, and not money enough in her room at 219 East Seventy-third street to buy a loaf of bread, until the reporters who brought her word of her husband's whereabouts left a little silver on the table. She spent the night crying over her baby, a week old.

But before she fairly had her children dressed in the morning, the papers had told her husband's melancholy story to a million people, and as early as 7 o'clock came indications that the story had gone straight home to sympathetic hearts. The first suggestion of this was in the person of a remarkably robust and self-possessed grocer's boy, who, with no other ceremony than a preliminary thump at the door, walked into the room, set an enormous basket in the middle of the floor and began unloading, before the eyes of the astounded Fleischers, bread, butter, tea, coffee, meat, oranges and other eatables. When the grocery boy had at last got to the bottom of the capacious basket he patronizingly remarked: "A feller bought 'em," and retired whistling.

The bewildered Fleischers were rubbing their eyes to see if they were really awake when there came another knock at the door, and a cheerful little gentleman popped in and deposited an enormous beefsteak on the table.

Then came two sedate gentlemen who each banded the poor dazed little woman a five-dollar note, and departed without saying a word.

Another grocer's boy with, if possible, a larger and more varied assortment of provisions than the first, was the next visitor.

On his heels came a series of gentlemen with hams, loaves of bread, bundles of clothing, bags of flour, slabs of bacon, baskets of eggs, and more beefsteaks, until the small Fleischers could stand the thing no longer, and broke out into indecorous warrances.

Little Mrs. Fleischer, standing in the middle of the room, was being gradually walled in on all sides with the contents of grocery stores, and she was sufficiently self-possessed as yet to see that something in the line of moving away had got to be done or she would be overwhelmed in her tracks. Breaking through the barrier, she deposited the next little Fleischer on the bed, and tackled the job in earnest.

The stream of provisions and clothing and money, instead of decreasing, grew in velocity and volume as the day wore on, and the little woman's neighbors came to her aid at last and helped her stack up the things on chairs and tables and against the wall. To the string of grocers' carts and pedestrians, elegant carriages were now added, and ladies in costly apparel came in and out of the Fleischer abode for hours, each leaving behind some substantial token of her visit. Mrs. Fleischer left the manual labor of stacking things up to her assistants, and opened a banking business with the upper bureau drawer for a treasure vault. Some people gave one dollar, some two, many gave five, and one contributed a comfortable-looking ten-dollar note.

When our reporter reached the Fleischer home with an installment of these contributions he met a gentleman coming away who had just left \$150 which had been raised at the Stock Exchange. The Fleischer abode was a sight to see. Heaped up on the floor, on tables and on chairs were great piles of clothing, meat, vegetables, and all conceivable substantial things to eat. Wandering about amid all this was pale-faced Mrs. Fleischer completely dazed and helpless, while chunky little Fleischers were stowed away behind heaps of groceries in all parts of the room, and each Fleischer's face, from the baby's up, was in a more advanced state of bread and butter than the other. Grease and crumbs reached to the very roots of their hair, and on each countenance was a look of settled conviction that this world had its good points.

By removing a ham from a chair the reporter was able to get a seat, and by shoving back some flour sacks and beefsteaks he was able to clear an edge of the table sufficiently large to enable him to count out the money. Mrs. Fleischer looked resignedly on while this was in progress, being evidently far beyond the point of being able to feel surprise at anything. Had a Brigadier-General in gorgeous uniform, with hams for epaulets and sausages for a belt, walked in and told her that Bismarck had made Gustav treasurer of the German Empire on condition that he spend all the Government revenue in provisions for the Fleischer family, she would have received the communication as a matter of course.

But all of this inundation of wealth was but a drop in the deluge of happiness that was coming in upon the bewildered little woman. Had her Gustav been locked in a dreary cell all this time hams and beefsteaks would have been but a mild consolation. But Gustav wasn't. He was up in Fifth and Madison avenues, calling on some millionaires who had written to him to come around because they wanted to give him a part of their fortunes. He received several letters of this kind. Besides this he has got a job at a salary of \$8 a week, and he began work next morning.

## PROF. JOHN MAYNARD.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of John Maynard, the well-known pugilist and sport of San Francisco. Maynard is a brother to Harry Maynard, the noted sporting man of San Francisco. He has figured in numerous glove contests, and is very popular among all classes on the Pacific Slope. Prior to his departure for New York, where he is on a visit, he was tendered a testimonial benefit, and it was largely attended by all the leading sporting men and men of note of San Francisco. Maynard is a clever boxer, and has many pupils, who believe him to be a first-class teacher.

## M. E. CASEY.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of M. E. Casey, the Michigan heavy-weight champion, who is eager to meet any pugilist in America in a contest in the roped arena with or without gloves. Casey has figured in numerous contests. He stands 5 feet 10 1/4 inches in height and weighs 175 pounds.

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### THE MAELSTROM OF SPORT.

SOME OF THE PRACTICAL USES TO WHICH PLUCK AND PROWESS WERE PUT DURING THE WEEK.





A DOG TAILOR.

THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF THE BRUTE CREATION IN FASHIONABLE CIRCLES.



HIS CHANGE OF LUCK.

THE EXTRAORDINARY PROFITS WHICH OVERTOOK A MAN WHO DID NOT JUMP OFF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Pete McCoy again wants to meet La Blanche, but has not yet been able to raise the necessary stake.

At Philadelphia, Jimmy Ryan and Johnny Murray are matched to fight for a stake of \$700, the fight to take place in the near future.

The widow of the late Joe Goss is carrying on the business left her by Mr. Goss, at the Saracen's Head, Lagrange street, Boston. She is doing very well.

At Pittsburgh, recently, Doc Graddock and Jack Abbott fought according to London prize ring rules. Abbott won in the seventh round by putting Graddock to sleep by a blow on the jugular.

Denny Kelleher, of Quincy, Mass., is anxious to arrange a match with Pete McCoy, whom he considers to be a much over-rated pugilist. He has issued a challenge to box Jack Burke, but the latter has taken no notice of the challenge.

The final boxing competition for the middle-weight champion belt, offered for competition by Walter DeBaun, was decided at the Alhambra, 106 West Eighteenth street, on May 26. Lynch won, knocking Green out in the fourth round.

Prof. "Tim" McCarthy, the teacher of the Crib Club, has recently made many improvements in his new hall on Avery street, which has been christened the Bijou Club. McCarthy is a big favorite in Boston, and has taught some of its most prominent citizens the noble art of self-defense.

At the recent fatal fire in Cincinnati, Harry Woodson, the Black Diamond, the well-known pugilist, saved the life of Miss Josie Hawks. She was lowering herself from the sixth story, on a rope, when between the third and fourth floors flames caused her to release her grasp. Woodson, as the girl was descending at a terrific speed, caught her.

The following visitors called at this office the past week: Prof. Wm. Clark, Billy Madden, John Heffernan, John McAuliffe, amateur light-weight champion pugilist of the world; F. N. Stratton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Patrick Dunn, Capt. James C. Daly, Frank Lyman, Joe Woolley, Newark, N. J.; Denny Butler, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. L. C. Thomas, Max Sterns, Carl Abs, Joe Denning, Rob O'Neil, engineer, Jacksonville, Fla.; Henry Henter, Rob Smith, James Sweeney, Edwin Blibhr, Matsada Sorakichi, Jas. E. Sullivan, J. H. Robinson, Cal. Benton, Jack King, Pittsburgh; Prof. Gus Hill, Walter De Baun, D. T. Hale, Steve O'Donnell.

About 300 sportsmen assembled at a well-known resort near Flushing, L. I., on June 1, to witness a fight with kid gloves between John Lynch, of Laurel Hill, and James McGlynn, of Brooklyn, two well-known middleweights. The fight was under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Five rounds were fought when Lynch was declared the winner. McGlynn was badly punished and unable to see and scarcely able to speak, while his face and body were a mass of scratches and bruises. Lynch had a badly swollen eye and a few body bruises. A dispute was raised by a friend of McGlynn after the fight, and for daring to do so he was badly beaten. His friends went to his assistance and the backers of Lynch stood by the man who had struck McGlynn's friend. The fight then became general, and for fully 15 minutes the air was filled with curses and fists.

At St. Paul, Minn., on May 28, Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland "Thunderbolt," and Billy Wilson, of Boston, fought with gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Wilson is a colored man, twenty-six years old, stands 5 feet 10 inches high, weighs 180 pounds, and is considered the heavy-weight colored champion of America. He has won all his fights, with or without gloves, with the exception of his battle with the Black Star in Cleveland Hall, this city, eighteen months ago. The men fought a terrific battle with hard gloves. Both were exhausted at the end of the third round, and Wm. E. Harding, who was referee, declared the contest a draw. Mervine Thompson is well known in prize ring circles, having won numerous contests in the arena. Great interest was manifested over the affair, and speculation on the result was heavy. Thompson being the favorite. Only 1 round was fought. On time being called both men went right to work, forcing the fighting. Blow after blow was exchanged for a few seconds when Wilson landed a terrific right-hand blow on Mervine Thompson's jaw. He reeled like a drunken man and fell senseless. His seconds tried to revive him, but he was unconscious for nearly 10 minutes. Wilson was then declared the winner. The battle lasted 40 seconds. A well-known sporting man then offered Wilson's challenge to the profession for \$10,000 a side, barring no one but John L. Sullivan. Ten thousand dollars changed hands on the spot.

"Roman," the "Police Gazette" correspondent at Rawlins, Wyo., sends the following graphic report of the James Lavin and R. Hynds glove contest for \$1,000 a side, which was fought at the Opera House at Rawlins, Wyo., May 25:

"Hynds is a resident of Cheyenne, and Lavin of Rawlins, and the rivalry engendered between the two places in other pursuits has also gripped its tentacles in the domain of sport. The result was a gathering of not only the citizens and cowboys of the neighborhood, but a large contingent of those children of chance familiar with the regulations of the ring, and willing to stake their all on its fortunes. Not less than \$8,000 changed hands, and when the reality of the scene is taken into consideration this is remarkable. The contest was strictly on a genuine basis (the stake money in full being deposited), and was fought to a finish as promised, with the intent to determine the respective capabilities of the combatants beyond all cavil. Promptly at the hour appointed both men appeared, and though novices at the art, professionally speaking, confident and anxious for the struggle. Lavin had the advantage of weight, knocking the scales stripped at 165 pounds, whilst Hynds squared the beam at 160 pounds. It may be said of both, however, that they were trained to admirable condition, having, as their conductors in that direction, Mr. George A. Morrison on the part of Hynds and Mr. Frank Hayes on the part of Lavin; both professionals. Upon the opening of the engagement the impression prevailed that Lavin was in fine condition, but that Hynds was somewhat overtrained. The sequel, however, proved the correctness of Morrison's statement to your correspondent before the fight, to the effect that "he, Morrison, weighed 185 pounds, and wasn't afraid of any middle weight, barring McCaffrey, but that Hynds could 'smash' him whenever he felt like it, and had laid him off for one week during training." It may be said here that both contestants were in active training for seven weeks. Two hours were consumed in the selection of a referee, and not until 10:15 did the curtain roll up, and when it did the universal shout went up "let the best man win," and the order and decorum which thereafter obtained during and after the fight is a monument to the law-abiding citizens and a standing refutation of the charge that we stand in Wyoming akin to barbarism and make the full complement of ruffianism. Hynds, with a small following of friends before, at the expiration of the fight was the personal friend of all, though a stranger, and the losers took the result philosophically. The following is an epitome of the different rounds:

ROUND 1—Both men took the scratch prompt, when Lavin led with a short, sharp blow, but Hynds countered with left, covering Lavin's mug. Hynds then led with left, and Lavin countered with right, feeling Hynds' neck. Lavin then took the offensive, but Hynds, taking his time, pointed one under the chin, sent Lavin to his knee. First round for Hynds; time, 1 minute 2½ seconds.

ROUND 2—Hynds came to scratch over-confident, Lavin, good natured. Lavin led with left, which Hynds dodged. Lavin pressed when Hynds made a lead and left opening, whereupon Lavin got in his right, and Hynds went to grass. Second round for Lavin; time, 1½ seconds.

ROUND 3—Both prompt and cautious. In this round some fine sparring was done, but it was apparent Hynds was the most scientific man. After some side plays the men closed, but instantly broke, whereupon Hynds getting in a double, Lavin toppled. Third round for Hynds; time, 1 minute 50 seconds.

ROUND 4—Lavin came up in fine shape and led, chased Hynds to ropes, from which he dexterously got out, and recovering made pass with left, which was warding, but following with right, knocked Lavin plumb off his feet. Fourth round for Hynds; time, 1½ seconds.

ROUND 5—Both men came to scratch in good time, when Lavin led and pushed the fight, and did not let up until he inflicted a

heavy blow under ear and on right jaw, which made Hynds dizzy. This is the only round in which it may be said that Lavin showed himself Hynds' equal. Hynds eventually got to his corner without assistance. Lavin seemed to rally from this success, and Hynds correspondingly surprised. Fifth round for Lavin; time, 48½ seconds.

ROUND 6—Lavin again led and Hynds took the defensive, dodging and warding a terrific stroke from Lavin's right, when Hynds seemed to come to in good shape and waged war. He landed one finally on Lavin's left eye, which partially closed it, and from this time the fight was in his hands. Sixth round for Hynds; time, 21½ seconds.

ROUND 7—Lavin's judgment seemed to be bad and he angrily went at his opponent. He, Lavin, was by this time perspiring very freely, but Hynds seemed only to be getting loosened up. Lavin led with his left which Hynds countered. Lavin let out with his right but fell short, whereupon Hynds put in a stinger on the nose and retreated, Lavin chasing him against the ropes. Hynds got out but Lavin was too quick, tapping him on the shoulder and sending him down. Seventh and last round for Lavin; time, 40 seconds. First blood for Hynds.

ROUND 8—This was a square knock down. Lavin seemed to have forgotten he was in the ring. Hynds was on the alert and improving. Eighth round for Hynds; time, 8 seconds.

ROUND 9—Lavin came up scared and eyes showed bad. Hynds had now fully recovered from fifth round. After a good deal of sparring Lavin dropped to his knee from light stroke. Ninth round for Hynds; time, 56½ seconds.

ROUND 10—Lavin played and Hynds good-natured and freshened by success. Good by-play, but to Lavin's disadvantage in wind. Hynds eventually got in a double, turning Lavin twice and toppling him on his face. Lavin knew nothing more of the fight after this. Tenth round for Hynds; time, 1 minute 7 seconds.

ROUND 11—When time was called Lavin said: "What shall I do?" He was then in a dazed condition. He was pushed out by his seconds, and staggered to the scratch. Hynds protested by his actions from hitting him, but, being called upon by the crowd to wind up the fight, he pushed Lavin over, and when time was again called the latter was senseless. Mr. Hayes threw up the sponge. Eleventh round for Hynds; time, 7½ seconds.

The result of the fight as passed upon by local sports, among whom Lavin has for a long time been considered invincible, is that Hynds is quick to a fault and a powerful hitter, and that though Lavin is a good man, Hynds' skill and judgment more than overcame any advantage of weight. Hynds now stands the champion of the Territory, and is open for engagements to all comers, barring none. The battle lasted only 14 minutes 55 seconds, including intervals, and was certainly decisive. Lavin was scolded by Frank Hayes and Billy Gardner. Hynds by George Morrison and J. J. Kelly, while F. M. Rose acted as bottle-holder, and to his energy and diligence may be largely ascribed the good order of audience and the satisfactory determination of the result.

In the last issue of the "Police Gazette" we published the united press report of the Mitchell and Cleary glove contest, which was not entirely correct. In this issue we publish a correct report of the affair forwarded by our own correspondent. He says Mitchell was attended by Arthur G. Clappett (his trainer), and Maynard and Hogan, who acted as his seconds. His skin was a beautiful clear white and he looked fit to fight for his life, barring the derogatory appearance of two linen bandages at his elbow and left wrist, made necessary by his tumble from a horse a fortnight since. He laughed and chatted pleasantly while a referee was being selected, an operation that required some time. The Cleary party insisted on Billy Jordan, and after some time Mitchell consented, after stipulating that he be allowed to select another. He named Tommy Chandler, and Clarence Whistler was chosen timekeeper. When Jordan and Chandler entered the ring Mitchell rose, and walking up to the former, quietly remarked, "I've been very credibly informed, sir, that you have been squared by the other side in this match. Now, if you will try to be honest just this once I'll be greatly obliged." The words were inaudible to all but a few standing near by, and Jordan attempted to protest, but Mitchell turned away without listening. A second later time was called, and the two stars were left face to face. Mitchell looked apprehensively at Capt. Douglas and a score of stars as he came up, but their looks evidently reassured him, and the fight commenced. For the first forty seconds the champions sparred at arms' length, as if sizing each other up. Finally Cleary reached with his left for Mitchell's neck, but only scratched it, and got a rattling return on the ribs. A close rally, with little damage as a result, followed, and they came to a clinch, with Cleary on the ropes. Almost immediately on breaking away, Cleary threw his left into the inner part of Mitchell's groin. The foul was most palpable, but it fell a bit short, and Mitchell only smiled and said, "I'll excuse you," as Cleary nodded apologetically. A second later Mitchell rushed furiously, landing right and left on ribs and breast, the first blow turning Cleary half around and giving Mitchell a crack at the back of his neck. It was a short-arm blow, however, and had little effect, but Mitchell was well away before Cleary recovered himself. When he did he scored a clean hit on the Englishman's ribs. Mitchell then commenced to edge in and walked Cleary all around the ring, finally rushing him, but without doing much work. Just as the men were separated from the clinch which followed, time was called. At the second call of time the sparring was not of such long duration. Cleary opening with his left on Mitchell's ribs. He was sorry a moment later, when Mitchell landed right and left on his neck and left side and walked away smiling without a return. Mitchell again commenced to edge in, and finally rushed Cleary on the ropes, giving him three for one before a clinch saved the New Yorker from further punishment. On coming together again Cleary did the only damage that he scored during the night, by raising a lump back of his antagonist's right ear. Mitchell laughed aggressively, and again fought Cleary to the ropes, and was pounding him in the stomach when time was called. The third round opened with an even exchange of both right and left, finishing with Cleary on the ropes and the usual clinch. The balance of the round was spent in sparring at long range, at which each got in two clean hits, but with the balance of power in favor of Mitchell. By this time Cleary was bleeding badly from the mouth, and was blowing hard at the call of time, while Mitchell was apparently as fresh as when he commenced. He seemed to have recovered confidence in his sick left hand, and went to work on the fourth call of time with a vigor that left Cleary's wakers very much in doubt of his ability to last the round out. Mitchell opened with a terrific left-hand on Cleary's breast, but received a return on the ribs. Mitchell rushed him three times in succession, hitting terrible blows that only ceased when Cleary got to clinching. In one of the clinches Mitchell slipped down through bad shoes, but he was up and at it again before Cleary knew that he had fallen. Cleary led badly, and was much distressed, but possessed sufficient gameness to rally as well as he could, though his stopping powers were pretty thoroughly used up. His right eye was nearly closed, up of his cuticle was missing, and he was pretty nearly done up, when Mitchell's treacherous shoes again threw him down. Mitchell was up as quick as before and hammered Cleary all over the ring, and had him rolling on the ropes when time was called. Cleary dropped into his seat with a muttered "Thank God," and pulled his gloves off as soon as possible. Mitchell kept his on, and walking over to Cleary's corner, begged him for another round.

"Let's finish it," he said. "Get up, lad, and come on for just one more round."

Cleary consigned him to a warm climate, and emphatically declined without thanks, and nobody could blame him much for it after witnessing his helplessness in the last round. Jordan and Chandler consulted for a moment, when the latter hotly remarked: "No, sir; I will not agree to any such thing. I declare in favor of Mr. Mitchell." Jordan scratched his head, and then addressed the crowd as follows: "Mr. Chandler and myself disagree as to the result of this fight. I claim that Cleary is the superior because he knocked Mitchell down, and—"

A perfect storm of yells and groans greeted this "opinion," and it was several minutes before the astute referee could conclude by saying that there was nothing left to do, but to call the match a draw. Mitchell at this obtained an audience, and, shaking his fist in Jordan's face, cried:

"Gentlemen, I was warned against this man this afternoon, and was told that he would not give me a square decision. But he was the only man the other side would agree to, and I thought I could protect myself by having a gentlemen act with him. I see that I was mistaken."

He then retired, and the crowd filed out. Mitchell escaped with the single scratch referred to, and Cleary proved to be not badly hurt, although considerably bruised. He entered the ring weighing 161 pounds, while Mitchell was down to 155.

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## SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

The English Derby was won by Melton, with Archer up; Paradox was second. Particulars in next issue.

Thomas Brennan, of Tamaqua, is eager to arrange a race to run any pedestrian in America 1500 or 200 yards for \$500 a side.

Borneo won the Manchester Cup at Manchester. Eng. Eole carried 119 pounds in the race, but was unplaced. Borneo was bred in Scotland.

At Chicago, on May 23, in the wrestling match, mixed style, for \$500, James Faulkner, of New York, defeated Andre Christol. "French" Leon, Christol's backer, was dissatisfied with the decision of "Greek" George, the referee, and a match was made between them, which Leon won.

Daniel O'Leary, the ex-champion long-distance pedestrian of the world, is attracting large crowds by walking fair heel-and-toe against roller-skaters in the various rinks throughout the country. Managers will find him a drawing card, and he always keeps his engagements. He is also traveling correspondent for the POLICE GAZETTE.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club opened their season on May 30. The course was from Tompkinsville, S. I., to the Southwest Light, for a purse of \$25 for the winning boat in each class. The Bedouin, Isis, Maggie, Albattross, Oriva, Ganotta, Miss, Glyohle, Kelpie and Yolande started. The Isis came in first, two minutes ahead of the Oriva. The exact result of the race, however, is still in doubt, pending a dispute with reference to the precise measurement of the Isis. The Oriva's master and owner dispute the victory, and claim that time allowance will show their boat to be the winner.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. P. T. Barnum, G. B. Bunnell, Mr. Cooper, Harry Dobson, James W. Fullbrook, John T. Hartnett, jumper; H. C. Gordon, Miss Edna Gray, Tom Hall, Denis Hanley (2), W. H. Huithebon, Bob Ingersoll, J. Edwin Irving, John J. Liden, Wm. Muldoon, P. J. McInerney, G. B. Morris, G. J. Montgomery, Jem Mac (2), Eph. Morris, Patry Murphy, John Mackay, Mich. Pfann, W. Price, Duane's C. Ross, Chas. Robble, George Rooke, Wm. Smith, Clarence Whistler, Wm. Muldoon, Mrs. James R. Couper, Wm. Springall.

It having been noised about that D. B. Harrington, who owns the famous pacer Honesty and who keeps the training stables on Jerome avenue, was to speed Richard K. Fox's great team, Sir Mohawk and Nellie Sontag, brother and sister, aged respectively five and six. A private trial created no little excitement at the New York Driving Club early yesterday morning. It was only a trial to try what the team could do untrained prior to their public trial, but, yet a number of prominent horsemen were on hand to catch a glimpse of the team, which is the prettiest in the country. Among the turfmen and horsemen present were James McKee, the owner and driver of Young Fullerton, James Dugrey, Johnny Murphy, Fred. Burridge, Knapsack McCarthy, and a host of others. The track was in first-class condition but the stakes were not down, which makes several seconds difference in a trial. Harrington after speeding them around, expecting he could turn the track in 2:36, it being the first time they drove the first quarter in 37½, the half in 1:15, and the mile in 2:34. James Dugrey was surprised, and said a team that could trot the Driving Park in 2:34 at their age would get to 2:20. James McKee said they were a wonderful team. Johnny Murphy said nothing, but he clocked them. Harrington was tickled to death over their style of going, and every one prophesied they would beat 2:20 before the snow flies. Mr. Fox told James Dugrey that \$50,000 would not buy them. Harrington will now have full charge of the team, and they will be given a public trial Saturday.

At Washington Park, New York, on May 23, the Pastime Athletic Club games were well attended. Results were as follows:

One Hundred Yard Run, Handicap—Final heat: T. E. English, S. A. A. C. (scratch), won; H. Schloss, P. A. C., second. Time, 10:15 seconds.

One Mile Run, Handicap—J. D. Lloyd, Brooklyn (40 yards), first; P. D. Skillman, M. A. C. (scratch), second; won easily. Time, 4 minutes 46:15 seconds.

Three Hundred Yard Run, Handicap—Final heat: H. Schloss, first; Flanagan, second; Buase, third. Time, 36 seconds. A good race, won by a foot.

One Mile Walk, Handicap—J. T. McDonald, W. S. A. C. (20 seconds), first; J. J. McDermott, P. A. C. (15 seconds), second. Time, 7 minutes 18 seconds.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle, Handicap—Final heat: C. T. Wiegand, W. S. A. C., first; H. J. Young, second. Time, 28 seconds.

Hammer Throwing, Handicap—P. Hatter, P. A. C. (23 feet), 75 feet 5 inches, won; F. L. Lambrecht, M. A. C. (scratch), 94 feet 8½ inches, second.

Six Hundred Yards Run, Handicap—H. Kuhn, W. S. A. C. (35 yards), first; J. Shannon, P. A. C. (35 yards), second. Time, 1 minute 20½ seconds.

There is every probability of an International single-scull race for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world being arranged between Wm. Beach, of Australia, the champion of the world, and Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, the champion of America. Richard K. Fox, who has been in communication with Hanlan since the latter's arrival in San Francisco, finding that Wm. Beach will not row in the "Police Gazette" International regatta for the purse of \$5,000, and knowing that Hanlan is ready and willing to row Beach on American waters, has decided to match Hanlan against Beach for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world. Yesterday the following challenge was sent to the Australian Sportsman:

Editor Australian Sportsman:

DEAR SIR—The recent defeat of Edward Hanlan, the hitherto invincible oarsman and champion, by Wm. Beach caused considerable surprise among the sporting community of this country and Canada, and while I have not the least doubt that the race was fairly contested, I, like many more, still believe that in condition and in this climate that Hanlan can reverse his defeat. I decided to offer a purse of \$5,000 for a single-scull race, expecting that the first money, \$3,000, would be inducement enough to Wm. Beach to visit this country and compete. Since being informed that he refuses to enter any regatta arranged in these waters, and knowing the great desire of the American public to witness a rowing race between Wm. Beach and Edward Hanlan for the world's championship, I desire you will please publish the following: I stand ready to match Edward Hanlan to row Wm. Beach in the best and best of boats, a distance of 3, 4 or 5 miles, for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side and the single-scull championship of the world. The race to be rowed on any suitable course in this country and according to the rules of the National Amateur Association. E. A. Buck, of the Spirit of the Times, to be final stakeholder and to appoint the referee. I will allow Mr. Beach \$500 for expenses to row in this country. Hoping that my proposition will be accepted. I am yours truly,

RICHARD K. FOX.

The following cable was also sent:

Wm. Beach, Melbourne, Australia: Will match Hanlan to row you 3, 4 or 5 miles, on American waters, for from \$2,500 to \$5,000, and allow \$500 for expenses.

RICHARD K. FOX.

On May 30, the Harlem Regatta Association held their fourth annual regatta on the Harlem River, New York. The races were rowed over a 1-mile course.

The first race, for pair-oared shells, was a walk over for the New York Athletic Club, G. D. Phillips and J. A. R. Dunning. The senior four-oared shell race was closely contested between the Elizabeth, of Portsmouth, Va., and New York Athletic crew, the former winning by about two lengths in 5:40. The other crews that competed were the Elizabeths, Atlantas and Passals. M. F. Monaghan, of Albany, N. Y., won the senior single-scull race; R. O. Morse, of the Nassau Boat Club, was second. Time, 6 minutes 31 seconds.

The race for four-oared gigs brought out only two crews: Union—S. E. Van Zandt, bow; E. H. Patterson, rower; Schile, O. J. Stephens, stroke; T. M. McIntyre, coxswain. Pioneer—A.

Kuhn, bow; Wm. Douglass, Wm. B. Young, Theodore Richards, Jr., stroke; Geo. L. Thatcher, coxswain. The Union won in 6 minutes 16½ seconds. W. H. Goepfert, of the Metropolitan, won the junior singles, Edward Martin, Fallside Club, second; time, 6:05½. The other contestants were F. G. Macdougall, Nassau; Thos. F. Wade, Nonpareil; Fred. J. Glaze, Mystic.

For the junior four-oared shells there were three entries: New York Rowing Club—H. S. Rookenbaugh, bow; John C. Livingston, Robt. D. Winthrop, P. R. De Flores, stroke. Metropolitan—S. Mahoney, bow; W. Roedel, M. Foy, P. Schile, stroke. Nassau—Fred. Vilmar, bow; J. H. Gates, R. T. Bridley, F. S. Schlesinger, stroke. The New York Rowing Club won in 5 minutes 3½ seconds.

Pair-oared gigs had three crews. New York Athletic—M. T. Hand (stroke), G. T. Phillips (bow), J. C. Egerton (cox); Waverley—Joseph Mallon (stroke), Frank McCarthy (bow), Geo. Bainton (cox); Hudson—Charles Fricke (stroke), Herman Dewitt (bow), Jas. W. Scott (cox). The Athletic men won easily by two lengths in 6:12. The New York Athletic Club won the next race, double sculls, J. I. Smith (bow), and J. C. Hays (stroke), against the Metropolitan, W. R. Kent (bow), and W. Goepfert (stroke). The New York Athletic Club won by a few feet in 5 minutes 5½ seconds.

The six-oared gig race was contested by the Unions and Nonpareils. The Unions took the lead at the start and held it to the end, winning in 5:18 2-5.

The eight-oared shell race brought out the New York Athletic, the Atlanta and the Columbia crews. The Atlantas won, Columbia second and New York Athletic third.

The great regatta under the auspices of the St. John Club, of New Orleans, was brought to a successful ending on May 29. The St. John Club gave \$2,500 in purses for professional and medals, costing altogether \$1,000 for amateurs. The professional races were three miles and the amateur a mile and a half, with a turn.

Amateur double-scull race—Delaware Club, of Chicago, first; Galveston Club, second, two feet behind. Time, 9 minutes 46½ seconds.

Professional single-scull race—Teemer, Gaudaur, Hosmer, Lee, McKay, Plalsted, Peterson and Griffin were the entries. Teemer won by two lengths, Gaudaur second, Griffin third, Lee fourth and Peterson fifth. Hosmer finished third and McKay fourth, but they were ruled out by the referee. Time, 20 minutes 1½ seconds.

Amateur four-oared race—St. John Club, first; Louisiana Club, second. Time, 10 minutes 44 seconds.

Amateur single-sculls—The entries were: J. E. Muchmore, of the Catlin Club, Chicago; E. V. Morgan and Paul King, of the Perseverance Club, New Orleans; John Reagan, of the Metropolitan Club, New York, and M. C. Soniat, of the St. John Club, New Orleans. Morgan won easily by a length and a half, Reagan second, about the same distance ahead of Soniat. Time, 11 minutes 1½ seconds.

Professional double-sculls—This race was contested by Plalsted and Teemer, Hosmer and Gaudaur and McKay and Parker. Hosmer and Gaudaur won by ten lengths, in 18 minutes 49½ seconds.

Four-oared gigs—St. John Club, first; Eclipse Club, of New Orleans, second. Time, 10 minutes 37 seconds.

Amateur wherries—There were three entries: Charles Mehrhoff, of the Eclipse Club; John E. Sullivan, of the Proteus Club, and Lucien Soniat, of the St. John Club, all of New Orleans. Mehrhoff won by five lengths, in 11 minutes 3 seconds. Soniat, second.

Amateur pair-oared shells—Excelsior Club, of Detroit, first; Eclipse, of New Orleans, second. Time, 10 minutes, 5 seconds.

Professional four-oared shells—The entries were: Teemer's crew—F. A. Plalsted, bow; G. W. Lee, No. 2; Henry Peterson, No. 3; John Teemer, stroke. Gaudaur's crew—James McKay, bow; Jake Gaudaur, No. 2; Henry Parker, No. 3; George Hosmer, stroke. Teemer's team finished first, three-quarters of a length ahead; time, 18 minutes 43 seconds.

On the fourth day bad weather interfered with the programme, and compelled the postponement of one of the races, the consolation professional.

Junior single sculls—There were three entries: Philip Bradbury, of the Hopes; Thos. G. Hardie, of the St. Johns, and George Jaspéro, of the Louisianians. Bradbury came in first, Maspéro second; time, 12:47½.

Amateur four-oared shells—Five entries: the Galveston, St. John, Hope, Eclipse and Riverside clubs. The Eclipse dropped out of the race, but the others came in as follows: Galveston in front by ten lengths, Hopes second, St. Johns third and Riverside fourth; time, 9 minutes, 26 seconds.

Professional consolation race—This event, which could not be rowed on the 28th because of a sudden squall, concluded the regatta of the St. John Rowing Club. It proved one of the very best races of the series, being closely contested throughout. The entries were James McKay, George H. Hosmer and George W. Lee. Hosmer pulled in first, the recorded time being 21:04½; McKay won second money in 21:08½, and Lee was about three lengths behind.

The tenth annual intercollegiate athletic games were held at the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds, New York, on May 23. Fourteen events were on the card, and Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Trinity, University of Pennsylvania, Lehigh, Lafayette, St. John's and University of Michigan sent athletes to compete in the games. The 100-yard race was run in 4 heats. F. M. Bonine, of Arbor, Mich., who represented the University of Michigan, won by 2 feet from S. Derickson, Jr., of Harvard; C. H. Mapes, Columbia, and A. F. Holden, Harvard, were unplaced. The time was 10½. The American college record for the distance is 10 seconds, made by Evert J. Wendell, of Harvard, at Cambridge, Mass., May 24, 1881. In the 2-mile bicycle race F. L. Dean, '88, Harvard, who has the college champion record for the distance of 6 minutes 28 seconds, won the first heat in 7 minutes 13½ seconds, with D. W. Reuton, S. of L., Columbia, second. The second heat came to L. B. Hamilton, '86, Yale, in 7 minutes 21 2-5 seconds, with S. E. Gage, '87, S. of M., Columbia, second. In the final heat Hamilton won, covering the 2 miles in 7 minutes 29 4-5 seconds. Dean was second in 7 minutes 30 2-5 seconds.

In the one-mile run were C. M. Smith, Columbia Law School; R. Faries, University of Pennsylvania; W. D. Roberts, T. H. Root and C. F. Brandt, of Harvard; M. Curf and J. H. Dooley, St. John's; J. P. Carpenter, Jr., Trinity; and L. W. Bond, F. D. Leffingwell and H. L. Mitchell, of Yale. Faries won in 4 minutes 46 4-5 seconds. Smith was second in 4 minutes 47 seconds.

The best previous amateur record in putting the shot was that made by M. Curner, 37 feet 10 inches. J. H. Rohrbach of Lafayette College put the shot 38 feet 1 inch. D. C. Clark, of Harvard, '86, put it 37 feet 8 inches.

Then came the running broad jump, with C. H. Mapes, Columbia; W. Fogg, Harvard; C. E. Rubsamen, Yale, and J. D. Bradley, Harvard, to contest. Bradley took the gold medal with 19 feet 6 inches; Fogg jumped 19 feet 4½ inches.

Three men started in the 440-yard dash—Baker, of Harvard; C. E. Griffith, Princeton, and N. Ellison, University of Pennsylvania. Baker won in 54 2-5 seconds, Griffith second, 10 yards behind.

Six started in the 1-mile walk. They were A. Xavier, St. John's; D. C. Worcester, Michigan University; E. C. Wright, Harvard; H. H. Bemis, Harvard; E. A. Meredith, Yale, and F. A. Ware, Columbia Law School. Ware won in 7 minutes 27 3-5 seconds, with Bemis second, 7 minutes 31 3-5 seconds.

In the hurdle race, 120 yards, Ludington, of Yale, won in 19 1-5 seconds, with Safford, of the Columbia School of Mines, second.

In pole-vaulting, L. D. Godshall, of Lafayette, cleared 9 feet 7½ inches and won, with A. Stevens, of Columbia School of Mines, second, with 9 feet 4½ inches.

In the 220-yard dash Baker, of Harvard, won the final in 23 3-5 seconds.

In the running high jump some remarkable work was done by W. B. Page, '87, University of Pennsylvania, who is 5 feet 6½ inches tall, and who jumped 5 feet 10½ inches, and conquered some big men. Atkinson, of Harvard, and G. Richards, of Columbia, tied at 5 feet 11½ inches. Richards won in jumping again with 5 feet 7¼ inches.

In throwing the hammer, A. B. Cox, of Yale, won by throwing 88 feet ¾ inch, and Gibson, of Harvard, was second, with 82 feet 4 inches.

In the half-mile run, H. L. Mitchell, of Yale, won in 2 minutes 7 1-5 seconds, with R. Faries, of the University of Pennsylvania, second.



## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I clipped the following from the Cincinnati "Sporting and Dramatic Journal," May 23:

"We are pleased to see that our friend, Richard K. Fox, has decided on the month of August for the great \$5,000 international single scull race. Again we congratulate the aquatic world of possessing such a gallant expounder as Mr. Fox. The place selected is Silver Lake, Plympton, Mass., and the purse to be \$1,000 to first, \$1,250 to second, \$500 to third, \$250 to fourth. William Beach is expected to arrive in England next week, and Mr. Fox's representative will offer the champion every inducement to compete in the race. Nearly all the prominent oarsmen, including John Teemer, Wallace Ross and George Hosmer, have agreed to row."

Now that Hanlan has returned, will the backers of John Teemer back the latter to row the ex-champion?

Teemer has issued challenge upon challenge while Hanlan has been thousands of miles away, and now is the time for him to prove whether he was boasting or in earnest.

Hanlan is ready to arrange a race, and if Teemer or his backers are in earnest he can be accommodated with a race any distance.

The Argonaut four-oared crew, who sailed from Quebec, Canada, on May 23, for England, expect to carry their colors to the front in the Royal Henley and Metropolitan Amateur regattas.

While I admire the pluck of the Argonaut Rowing Association in sending their four to England, it is my opinion their visit will be a failure.

I do not think the crew will have time to prepare to successfully cope with the trained crews of Oxford, Cambridge and the numerous amateur clubs they will have to meet.

If the Argonauts do no better than the Oxford, Atlanta, Cornell and the Henley Regatta crews, who met with defeat, they will gain but little reputation.

The Columbus four were the only crew that have met with any success in crossing the fish pond, and their victory was not much to boast of, for they also coupled it with a defeat.

I am sure it must have been a hard blow on Harvard, Columbia and Yale athletes to be defeated in the 100-yard race for the college championship by F. M. Bonine, of Arbor, Mich., and in the slow time of 1:01 1/2 seconds.

It is evident Harvard has not got a Wendell among them, as in 1881, when he won the game and ran the distance in 10 seconds.

I see that Gus Hill, the Champion club-swinger, is in town, and wants to swing clubs against anybody for from \$500 to \$2,500 a side.

No one will accept his challenge, for he is invincible, and there is no club-swinger in this country his equal at the game, let alone his superior.

It is probable that an eight-oared race will be arranged between Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania.

The latter have challenged the former to row an eight-oared race one mile and a half straight away on Lake Quinsigamond on July 1.

It is a wonder the Pennsylvanians stipulated that the distance shall be one and a half miles. Three miles is the distance that would be more satisfactory, I think, all round.

I have been informed that Jack Dempsey is trying to arrange a match at San Francisco with Tom Nolan.

In regard to the glove contests at San Francisco, our correspondent writes: "Dempsey is such an artist in his business and so completely divests his contests of the brutal feature by making them purely scientific duels, that he has favorably impressed the patrons of boxing here, and can count on a good house when he appears in anything like a close contest."

Many will be surprised to learn that the Dennis Murray who died recently at Newark, N. J., was the sporting man who, after Daniel O'Leary, refused to contend against John Hughes when the latter challenged him, for the Astley belt.

Murray left the matter to Sir John Astley and even went to England to see the latter, who decided Hughes' challenge was regular. The match was made and Murray backed Hughes heavily and lost, for O'Leary won the trophy.

By the way, during the second contest for the Astley belt in this city, Mrs. Stackhouse, the wife of the steward of the St. James Hotel, became infatuated with Chas. A. Harriman, and after the contest eloped with Harriman, who married her.

She accompanied Harriman all over the country, and in the International O'Leary Belt race, at the American Institute, and several other races in this city and Chicago, assisted to train the Haverhill pedestrian. Afterward Harriman went to the Pacific slope.

Finally, I believe, she became tired of her pedestrian husband and left him last March. She beguiled Col. T. B. Whitney, of Truchee, Cal., who, knowing little of her escapade in New York, married her. Harriman said a few days ago the parting did not give him pain, and he was just as well pleased they had parted.

I understand that the managers of the recent six-day roller-skating contest at Madison Square Garden, at a meeting on May 21, put down their expenses at \$3,530; receipts, \$4,565, leaving a loss of \$3,955. W. Royce, Maddox, Harriman, Schock, Francis, Reynolds, Graham, Claxton and Skinner put up a sweepstakes of \$100 each. Boyce, the winner of those who were in the sweepstakes, received 70 per cent.; Maddox 20 per cent.; \$180, and Schock, 10 per cent.; \$90. Snowden did not receive a cent. He claims that it was understood with the managers when he started that his stake was up. When he was leading by fifteen miles on Wednesday they told him he was not in the sweepstakes, and that all he could win was the belt and a share of the gate receipts after expenses were paid. Raymond, the skate manufacturer, presented him with \$300. This was the only money he received. Maddox's expenses for board, trainers and skates were \$150, which leaves him but \$30.

I understand that the annual race for the Elegant cup, donated by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, will be rowed on the Schuylkill river on June 10. Only Cornell College and the University of Pennsylvania will compete in the race. Ellis Ward, one of the famous Ward Brothers, is training the Pennsylvanians crews.

At Belmont Park, Philadelphia, recently, it required five heats to decide the purse for the 2:19 class. The starters were James Keenan's b. g. Frank, F. Van Ness's b. g. Albert France, L. W. Nelson's b. g. Capt. Emmous, W. E. Weeks's b. g. J. B. Thomas, J. D. McCarthy's b. m. Zoe, B. E. W. Konover's c. m. Adele Gould.

Frank won the race, and I understand his owner won a large sum. Frank's record is now 2:20 1/4. Keenan won a large amount of money on the race, his horse selling for \$16 in pools of \$125.

I learn that the glove contest between Prof. Young Dutchy and Tom Loudon, of Eureka, Cal., ended in the latter paying \$500 forfeit. The backers of Tom Loudon failed to cover the \$250 of Prof. Young Dutchy in the specified time.

Since, I learn that Prof. Dutchy is living at Eureka, Cal. He recently published the following in the Standard, Eureka, Cal.:

"I see that there is another Richmond in the field, who wishes to try my capabilities as a pugilist. In the first place, I was sent for to come here and fight Loudon, the Humboldt champion. Since our encounter on the 25th of April, Loudon thinks he had enough, and does not wish to meet me any more. In the second place, I do not propose to fight every scrub that comes along. When this would-be fighter, Walters, says he will claim the championship of Humboldt county, there are fifty men in Eureka that can whip him in five minutes, besides myself. I am refitting an elegant hall for the purpose of opening a first-class gymnasium, in which I will give my attention to my pupils five nights a week, and on Saturday nights I will give exhibitions, and Loudon and Walters can try me both in the same ring. 6 rounds apiece, the winner taking the proceeds of the house. I hope this will stop all this fuss caused by those who wish to gain a pugilistic reputation through the columns of your valuable paper. Yours respectfully, 'PACOR. YOUNG DUTCHY.'"

A dispatch from San Francisco says the decision of Billy Jordan, who acted referee for Mike Cleary, in the latter's glove fight last Friday with Charley Mitchell, has created dissatisfaction in sporting circles. The best authorities claim that Mitchell was entitled to the fight, and that had it lasted a minute longer he would have knocked Cleary out.

It is my opinion Mitchell is very unfortunate with his many glove encounters. When he wins, he does not receive a fair decision or the police prevent the contest from being finished. Tommy Chandler was Mitchell's referee in his contest with Mike Cleary, and he decided Mitchell won.

Chandler has fought many a hard-fought battle in the arena. His last victory was over Donny Harris for \$5,000 and the middle-weight championship of the world. Chandler should be a first-class judge of boxing, and a fair and honest one.

It was Chandler who refereed the glove contest between John L. Sullivan and George M. Robinson. Billy Jordan filled the same position as Chandler, and was bound to decide in favor of Cleary if there was the shade of a chance, on the principle if you are with a friend, stick to him.

The unsatisfactory ending of the Mitchell and Cleary contest reminds me that in the first glove contest between Jack Burke and Alf Greenfield in Chicago there were two referees, and Burke, after some skillful engineering, was declared the winner.

In the second contest between them there were two referees, and the decision given was the subject of much comment, one claiming Burke won and the other claiming Greenfield won.

In regard to the question of two referees in glove contests, some time ago I published the following:

"It is my opinion that when two referees are selected in either a glove contest or a prize fight the referee has the snub of a hippodrome. I should have no objection to having the position of referee filled by two persons in a prize ring encounter or in a glove contest to a finish, but I think the selection of two referees in a glove contest, in which it is stipulated that only 4 or 6 rounds are to be fought, is an imposition on the public, who, in many instances, pay big prices to witness these affairs with the fond desire to see the best man win. What chance did Alf Greenfield have to defeat Jack Burke in Chicago with two referees, or, on the other hand, what chance had Burke of winning? If there were a foul Greenfield's referee would decide in his favor, while Burke's referee would do the same for his own man. Burke could not win unless he placed Greenfield hors de combat. Neither could Greenfield be declared the winner unless he knocked Burke out or rendered him unable to continue the contest, and probably then either of the referees could give decisions that would prevent the victor from gaining the honors he had won."

My theory was again proven by the result of the Cleary and Mitchell encounter.

It is my opinion the race for the Merchant stakes, at Latonia, Ky., on May 23, was a turf swindle as big as the Brooklyn Bridge.

Green Morris' Favor was a heavy favorite, but the bulk of the money was put up on Corrigan's W. R. Woodward. Loftin won the race, with Monogram second. Woodward was stiff and Favor never sent to win.

That Loftin can beat Favor is not to be believed by any one who knows anything of the capabilities of both.

Martin rode Favor in such a manner as to confirm the suspicion which exists in the minds of the public. Monogram was in no condition to race.

It did not surprise me to learn that the international 10-mile walking match between Wm. Raby, the champion of England, and John Meagher, the champion of America, ended in a very unsatisfactory manner.

On May 28, Meagher called at this office and gave me a curtain lecture for my criticism on several crooked walking matches which recently occurred in the East, but which Meagher had nothing to do with.

In conversation about his race with Raby I said he would have considerable trouble if the referee selected by Wm. E. Curtis, of the Spirit of the Times, was not a fair, impartial and a determined one.

I informed Meagher that it was my opinion if the referee was a fair and honest one that he would win, if not, the race would end in a wrangle.

He said he was confident he could win, and I endorsed his opinion.

"How can you win if Raby runs and you walk?" I asked. "From what I have heard of Raby's walking, he skips and 'mixes,' and the race will end with his being disqualified if there is a fair referee and, if not, your backers will stop him and there will be a wrangle, and your time and all your training will amount to naught."

By this time Meagher is aware I hit the nail on the head.

The race, if it may be styled one, was decided in the presence of 3,000 persons at Lawrence, Mass., on May 30.

Meagher gained the lead on the first mile and walked in splendid form, while Raby's style was questionable, and W. H. Meek cautioned him, but he did not heed the referee's warning. He gained the lead by a dog-trot, and, after two more cautions, the referee disqualified him and declared Meagher the winner.

The referee is one of the fastest walkers in this country at certain distances. He is well aware when a man is running or walking, and no doubt decided that Raby's style of progression was unfair.

I am certain that the English sporting press will make a great time and cry about the disqualifying of Raby, but what is the difference what they say? Meek, who filled the position of referee, is well known in athletic circles in England, and the English sporting press must admit that he should be well able to discriminate between a walking match and a go-as-you-please race.

Especially as he won numerous contests in England, and his style of progression was fair and above criticism.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

ROXIE, Great Bend, Kas.—We do illustrate hangings.

J. R. E., Sayre, Pa.—No.

E. G., Kingman, Kan.—Have mailed the paper.

F. L., Wichita, Kan.—Have written.

M. and M., Apalachicola.—Tom Thumb never had any children.

R. B. H., Edenton, N. C.—Send 50 cents for bartenders' guide.

J. W., Lancaster, Pa.—No.

E. G., Pittsburg, Pa.—Yes.

L. A., Chicago, Ill.—Sarah Bernhardt was born in France.

T. B., New York.—There is a gymnasium in West Fourth street, city.

J. F. A., Laramie City.—Send 30 cents and we will mail you book.

L. L. C., Venado, Cal.—There is no book published by Dan Mace.

J. W., Patterville, Iowa.—We did not receive a report of the affair.

G. R. P., Ozark, Mich.—Send \$2.50 and we will forward you the books.

J. A. W., Harper, Kan.—I. We published one of the photos. 2. Thanks.

C. C., Denver, Col.—Beneke Bros., 199 and 201 Canal street, New York.

L. E., Syracuse.—John C. Heenan was born at West Troy, N. Y., on May 2, 1835.

A. F. D., Chicago.—Consult your medical adviser or some first-class physician.

J. C., Sedalia, Mo.—Yes, the feat has been accomplished by several mountebanks.

B. A., Omaha.—If you forward a deposit with your challenge it will be published.

M. W. B., Utica, N. Y.—Fred. Archer, the English jockey, was born Jan. 11, 1854.

S. G., Auburn, N. H.—No one except Odium ever jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge.

S. S. C., Eureka County, Nev.—No one can live after being wounded in the heart.

J. H., Trenton, N. J.—Yes, it is a fair performance, and, with training, you will improve.

N. O., Kansas City.—Elton Boy, the trotting horse, died at Horicon, Wis., Dec. 19, 1873.

C. M., Oakland, Cal.—Constable, the English jockey, died on Feb. 17, 1881, at Epson, Eng.

A. C. W., Chester, Pa.—Send 50 cents and we will send you books on boxing and training.

M. M. R., Odessa.—W. W. Strait, of Havana, N. Y., hand lift of 1,600 has not been authenticated.

Q. R., Rochester, N. Y.—Rarus is a trotting horse owned by Robert Bonner, of New York City.

R. F., New York City.—Jenny Lind sang in Castle Garden under the management of P. T. Barnum.

M. J. C., Bridgeport.—The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in 1819.

A. R., Philadelphia.—Yes; a letter addressed to his place of business or this office will reach him.

W. S. B., Albany, N. Y.—It was on June 30, 1859, that Blondin crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope.

J. J. W., Pleasant Valley, Pa.—Jim Mace and John L. Sullivan never boxed either in public or private.

H. C., South Bend.—Chas. Allen raised a 13-pound dumb-bell 7,035 times at Denver, Col., Dec. 22, 1879.

J. D. N., Ware, Mass.—Write to Chas. E. Davies, Chicago; he can give you the information; we cannot.

W. A. M., Amsterdam, N. Y.—The railroad bridge at New Brunswick, N. J., was burned down on Feb. 7, 1866.

E. M., St. Louis, Mo.—Sam Patch lost his life jumping from the Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1829.

W. S., Bordentown, N. J.—There is no rule which stipulates that two referees shall be selected at a glove contest.

F. B., Albany, N. Y.—Send to John Woods, 208 Bowery, New York. He will supply you with all sporting pictures.

J. T. P., Petersburg, Va.—Sam Patch lost his life by jumping off the Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1829.

J. S., Lexington, Ky.—Eclipse beat Sir Henry running four mile heats, at the Union course, L. I., on May 27, 1823.

P. C., Kansas City.—1. Maud B. was sold to Robert Bonner for \$40,000. 2. Both Crib and Pilot were imported from England.

S. J. C., Eureka County, Kan.—J. No one ever lived after being shot in the heart. 2. Bill Poole lived twelve days after being shot.

A. M., St. Augustine.—1. Send 10 cents and we will forward you the copy POLICE GAZETTE you want. 2. Send for a book on the horse.

A. P., Lewiston.—Geo. Fordham, the celebrated English jockey, was born in 1838, and won his first race on Hampton, at Brighton, in 1857.

F. F. McC., Tariffville, Conn.—Mitchell has boxed with Mike Cleary twice, and the police have stopped the contest on both occasions.

G. S., Louisville, Ky.—1. We know no more about the parties than you do. 2. The POLICE GAZETTE will cost you \$1 per three months.

W. S., Coney Island.—At the time Heenan arrived from Benicia, California, Jim Hart, of St. Louis, challenged Heenan to fight and you win.

W. H. M., Selma.—1. We make no charge for answering questions. 2. All correspondents' letters are answered in turn as soon as possible.

D. A., St. Paul, Minn.—1. Dan Donnelly died in Dublin, Ireland, Feb. 18, 1820. 2. Yes, he did fight Cooper, Dec. 13, 1815, and Oliver, July 21, 1819.

R. B., Baltimore, Md.—Send for the "Life of Jim Mace" published by Richard K. Fox, and contains portraits and full reports of all his battles.

R. B., Baltimore, Md.—Send for the "Life of Jim Mace." It is published by Richard K. Fox, and contains portraits and full reports of all his battles.

J. S., Baltimore.—Wm. Murray and George Gaisel were expelled from the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen in 1881 (Jan. 8), not in 1880, and B wins.

H. A., Rochester, N. Y.—Elias C. Laycock defeated Wallace Ross in the final heat of the International regatta, on the Thames river, England, Nov. 20, 1881.

S. H., New Haven, Conn.—George Seward, the American, ran 100 yards in 9 1/2 seconds in England, but the performance is not generally accepted as a record.

R. A., San Francisco.—R. A. Pennell, at Wood's Gymnasium, New York, Jan. 31, 1874, held up a 20 1/2-pound dumb-bell, which is the best performance on record.

M. H., Baltimore.—Petrarch won the St. Leger in 1875. A loss. Fred. Archer did not have the mount on Petrarch. It was J. Goater who piloted him to victory.

H. S., Boston.—1. Yes. 2. On April 12, 1880, Thomas Boyd jumped from the railroad bridge at Mumfordsville, Ky., a distance of 120 feet, into Green river. 3. No.

B. B., Baltimore, Md.—We can express no opinion without absolute knowledge. All we know is from published accounts, and your judgment is equally as good as ours in such a matter.

F. M. R.—Fisherville, N. H.—John L. Sullivan has not been beaten either in a glove contest or a prize-ring encounter. 2. Send for the "Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan" to this office.

J. S., Georgetown, D. C.—1. Tommy Chandler, of San Francisco, the retired middle-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, and Tommy Chandler, of Chicago, are not the same persons. 2. No.

J. S., Chicago, Ill.—1. At Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1872, John Hartfield threw a baseball 133 yards 1 foot 7 1/2 inches, which is the best on record. 2. Hatfield did belong to the Mutual baseball nine.

S. H., Harper's Ferry, Va.—A. losses. E. F. Weston did not cover 500 miles when he walked six days against Dan O'Leary, at San Francisco, Cal. The score was: O'Leary, 516 2-7; Weston, 490 3-5 miles.

S. W., Jacksonville.—Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, weighed 215 pounds the day he faced Joe Wormald, at Lynnfield, Mass., Oct. 29, 1866, to fight for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world.

T. W. D., Mantonville.—Aaron Jones and Mike McCool fought for \$2,000 at Busenark Station, Ohio. McCool won, knocking Jones out of time in the thirtieth round. 2. The fight lasted 25 minutes.

W. S., Holyoke, Mass.—Leon P. Ferdemeyer is credited with having trundled a wheelbarrow from San Francisco, Cal., to New York, in 7 months and 16 days. He arrived in New York July 24, 1879.

D. A., Boston.—1. No. 2. There is no pugilist living able to defeat John L. Sullivan in the arena with and without gloves. 3. Paddy Ryan held the championship up to the time he fought Sullivan.

J. H. S., Seymour, Ind.—1. John C. Heenan only fought once with Tom Sayers. 2. Heenan never had his arm broken in a prize fight. 3. Send for "The Champions of the American and English Prize Ring."

CONRAD RAEGER, Philadelphia.—There was no official time-keeper. Harry Hill was referee and also filled the position of time-keeper, when Tag Wilson and John L. Sullivan boxed at Madison Square Garden.

C. D., Leavenworth, Kansas.—1. Auburn Prison was established in 1857. 2. Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan fought 9 rounds, lasting 11 minutes. 3. It was on April 25, 1859, that John C. Heenan challenged Tom Sayers.

D. W., Brownsville, Tex.—1. Ten Brock has made the fastest time for running a mile in this country. 2. He carried 110 pounds when he was five years old, and ran the distance in 1:39 1/4 at Louisville, Ky., on May 24, 1877.

V. C., Baltimore, Md.—1. Robert Chambers rowed seven times for the championship of England. 2. He beat Harry Kelly, Tom White, Geo. W. Emerson, R. A. W. Green and J. H. Saddler, and was beaten by Kelly and Joseph H. Saddler.

H. W., Louisville, Ky.—Charley Rowell's share of the gate money in the second contest for the Astley belt in this city, March 10-15, 1879, was \$18,386.81. In the fourth contest for the Astley belt, in this city, Sept. 22-24, Rowell's share was \$19,500.

H. S., Boston.—In the ocean yacht race between the Vesta, Fleet Wing and Henrietta, Dec. 11 to 25, 1866, the latter won. James Gordon Bennett owned the Henrietta. The course was from Sandy Hook, New York, to Cowes, England, for \$90,000.

A. D., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. John Woods and George King fought at Weehawken, N. J., Dec. 5, 1880. 2. Woods won in 54 rounds. 3. Jimmy Massey and Jem (Australian) Kelly seconded King, and Johnny Mackey and Lewy Bevil were Woods' seconds.

W. G., Lexington, Ky.—Ethan Allen and mate beat Lantern and mate twice in a match for \$5,000 and in a match for \$10,000. The first race was trotted on the old Union Course, L. I., on Nov. 17, 1866, and the second was decided on the same track on May 18, 1869.

M. H., St. Louis, Mo.—The best running jump with artificial aid is 29 feet 7 inches, made by John Howard, at Chester, Eng., May 8, 1864. The best single standing board jump is 14 feet 5 1/4 inches, by Geo. W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., made at Romeo, Mich., Oct. 3, 1879.

R. Q., Galveston, Texas.—S. S. Rankin, who fought Dominick Bradley, Aug. 1, 1857, was born at Belfast, Ireland. He stood 6 feet in height and weighed 185 pounds. Rankin did not defeat Bradley. The latter was the winner after fighting 152 rounds, lasting 178 minutes.

W. H., New Haven, Conn.—Jim Murray and Billy McLean fought according to the rules of the London prize ring at Elkhart, Ind., Dec. 8, 1870. Murray would have won, but in the twenty-fifth round he struck McLean three times foul and James Colbert decided McLean the winner.

H. J., Roanoke, Va.—1. Weston's best six-day score was 550 miles, made in England, when he won the Astley belt. 2. Frank Hart's best record for 6 days is 565 miles; Rowell's 586 miles; Vint, 578; Hughes, when under the management of the POLICE GAZETTE, covered 568 miles.

L. E., Chicago, Ill.—1. If the referee gave the signal to start and A and C left the scratch it was a start, and A had no right to stop. 2. C wins the race, and the referee's decision was final, and could not be reversed. 3. When the referee decides that C wins the race the stakeholder must hand C the stakes.

I. L. M., Bordentown, N. J.—1. Tom Oliver, the English pugilist, was beaten by Dan Donnelly for 100 guineas aside at Crawley Hurst, England, July 21, 1819, in 34 rounds, lasting 1 hour 10 minutes. 2. Oliver stood 5 feet 9 1/4 inches in height, and weighed 168 pounds. 3. He was born in Bradlow, England, in 1789.

C. S. W., Sidney, La.—Sullivan and Dalton boxed twice at McCormick's Hall, Chicago. The first contest was on Aug. 12, 1881. Sullivan had offered any purillist \$50 who would stand before him 4 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, and was knocked out. On Sept. 3, 1881, Dalton and Sullivan again met, but it was a friendly set-to.

P. O., New Orleans, La.—During the rebellion New York furnished more soldiers than any other State. The following is the number of men furnished by the six States that furnished the largest quota: First, New York State, 445,959; Pennsylvania, 338,155; Ohio, 310,654; Illinois, 258,162; Indiana, 194,363; Massachusetts, 146,467.

B. D., Boston, Mass.—1. Jack Looney and Joe Cole fought five miles from New Orleans, La., March 14, 1859. Twenty-three rounds were fought in 43 minutes, and Looney won by a foul. 3.





**MURDERED IN HIS SLEEP.**

THE HORRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS FATE OF RICHARD H. HANDS, A WELL-KNOWN HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, DRUG CLERK.



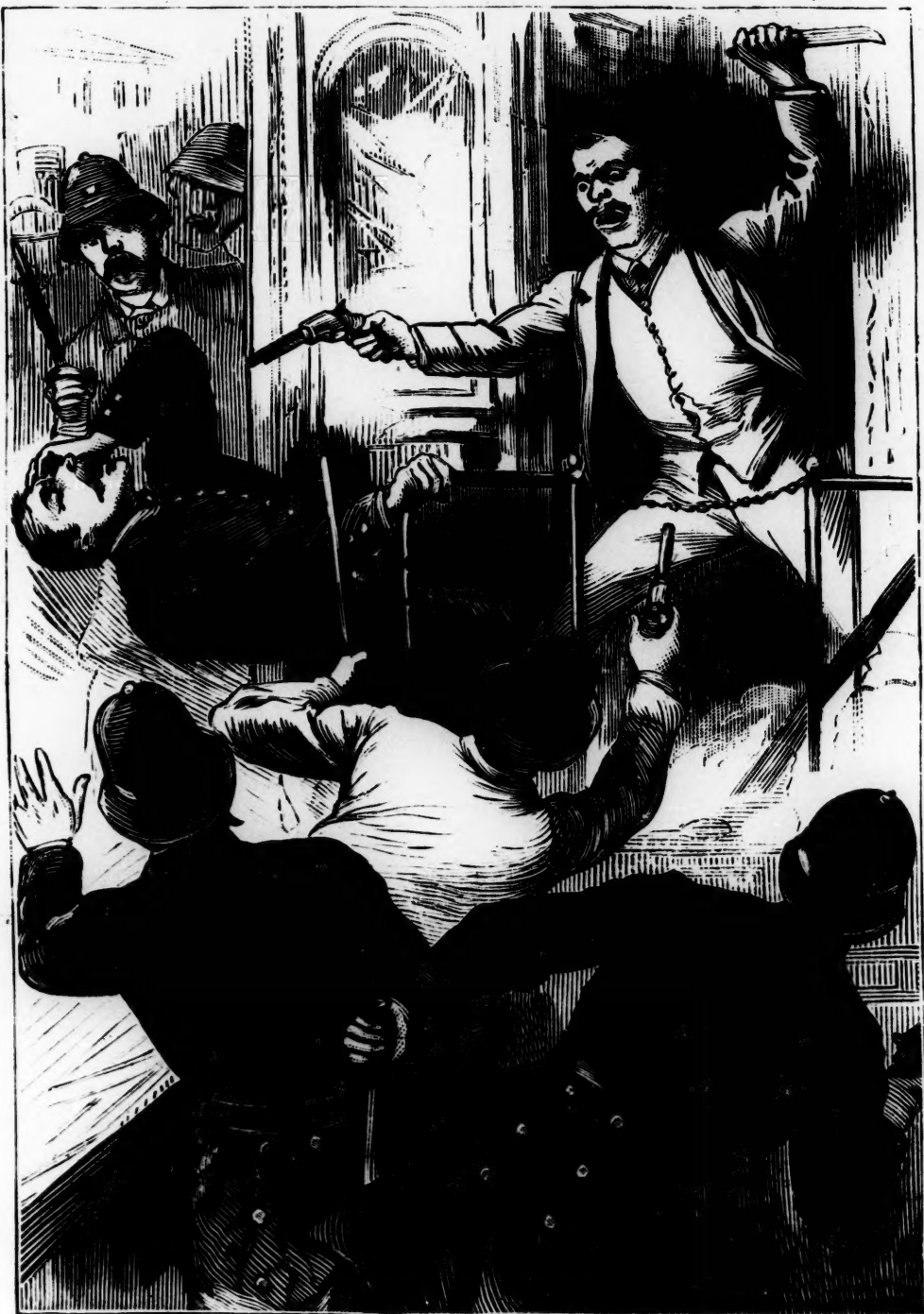
**HE RETURNED THEIR SALUTE.**

GENERAL GRANT ACKNOWLEDGES THE TOUCHING TRIBUTE OF GRAND ARMY VETERANS ON DECORATION DAY.



**A GALLANT RESCUE.**

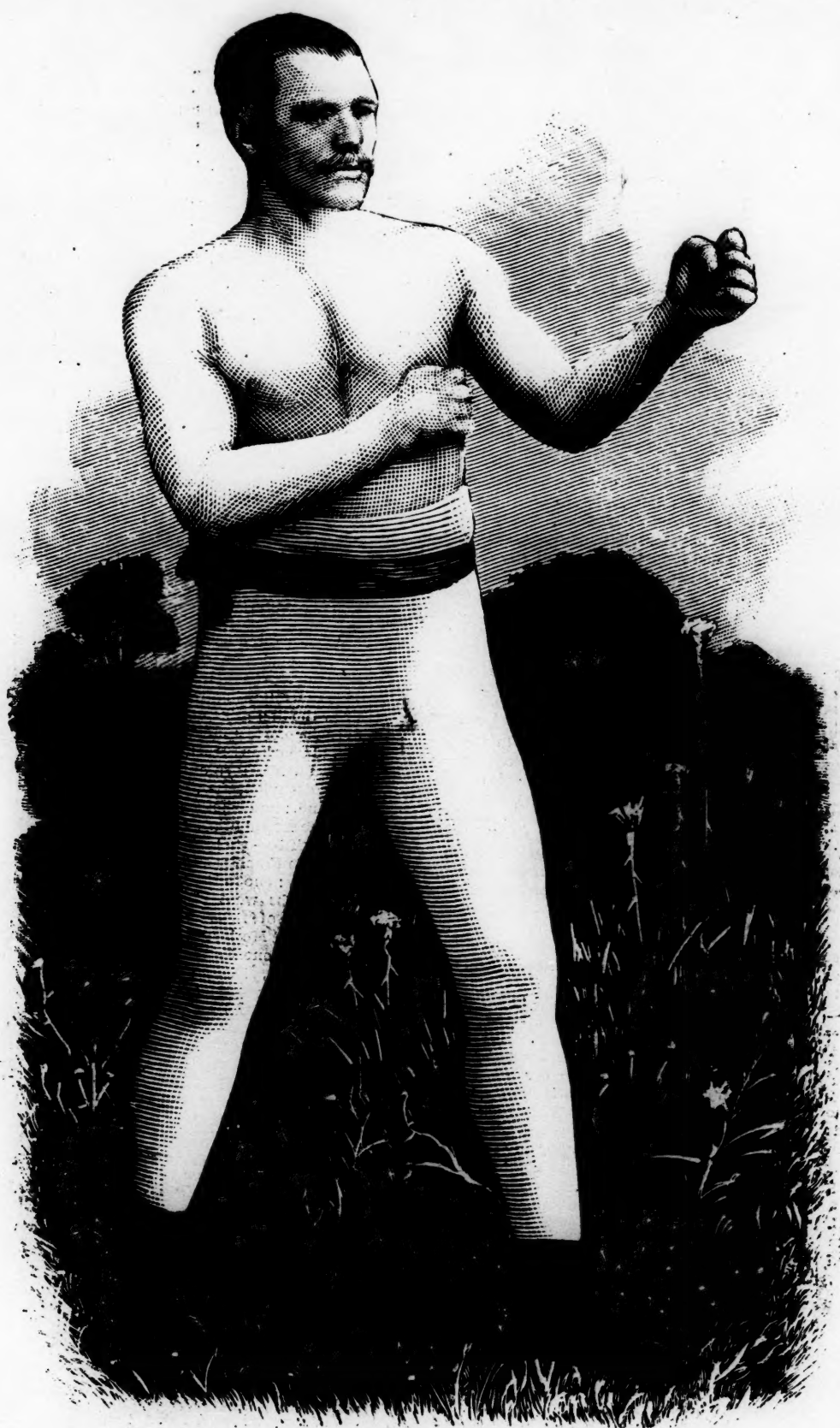
THE PASSENGERS OF A STRANDED STEAM LAUNCH ARE SAVED BY A BROOKLYN ROWING CLUB.



**HE HAD A CAR TO HIMSELF.**

A KANSAS CITY MANIAC MAKES A LIVELY RAILROAD TRIP TO CHICAGO WHERE HE KILLS A POLICEMAN.

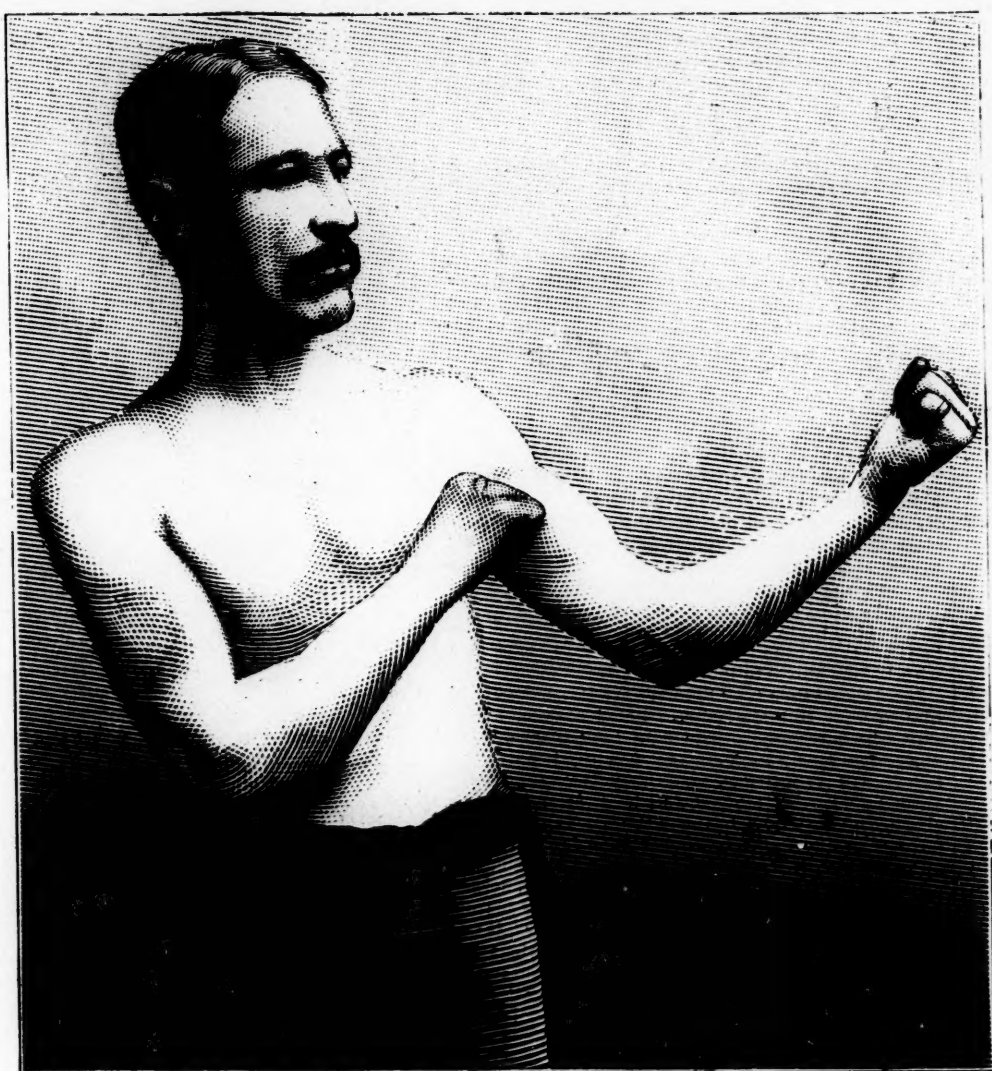




M. E. CASEY,  
CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF MICHIGAN.



PROF JOHN MAYNARD,  
A WELL-KNOWN PUGILIST AND SPORT OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
*Photo by John Wood.*



BOB FARRELL,  
THE NOTED AND ARTISTIC LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF NEW YORK.



JOHN S. PRINCE,  
THE CHAMPION BICYCLE RIDER OF AMERICA.

WM. J. MORGAN,  
THE CHAMPION BICYCLE RIDER OF CANADA.



## BEFORE THE BAR.

Miss Cleveland's Temperance Mess--  
They Jumped the Town--Cold--  
Water Apostles in Disgrace--  
"Medicinal Liquors" Popular  
in the Prohibition States.



J. H. BALLANTINE.

This gentleman is one of the oldest brewers in the trade. His name is very well known and greatly respected among lovers of good malt liquors and his brother beer-makers. His large brewery is situated at Newark, N. J., where he is quite a prominent man in the affairs of State. He takes a very active interest in fighting down the fanatical Prohibitionists, who spring up and die almost in the same night. Brewer Ballantine, it's almost needless to say, makes quite a combination in his business by brewing both good ale and lager beer. He holds some important positions in the United States Brewers' Association.

Some day beer, wine and liquor will be king.  
Pittsburgers say Francis Murphy will marry again.

A racket in Japan costs only twenty cents painted in the most elegant Japanese colors.

Plant a tree lunch under your best shade-trees, and see what a large crop of hogs you can raise.

Plant a few bottles of whisky in the center of well-made beds, and see how large a crop of beets you can raise.

The anti-treating law of Kansas has made more fun for that State than all the shows on the road. It's the main gay and farce of the West.

President Cleveland and his good sister are two very different persons in their tastes, especially regarding the proper use of the genial fluids.

Prohibition has had a very fair test in many States of the Union, and has proved a farce, a failure and a laughing jest for all the other civilized nations of the globe.

"So you've failed in business?" "Yes."  
"Made an assignment and gone back to clerking?"  
"Yes." "What was the trouble? Too much drinking?"  
"No. Too much rinking."

The cocktail in its strength he eyed,  
And as he quaffed the bracing treat,  
"Tis thus with earthly life," he sighed,  
"We take the bitter with the sweet."

About fifteen members of the United States Brewers' Association have taken a trip across the Atlantic for pleasure and to study the new notions, or rather the old ones, in brewing on the other side.

A dispatch from Lynchburg says that the tobacco glut at that point is unprecedented. Wagons stand in the street all night unable to unload at the warehouses, and the commission merchants are asking planters to hold their crops back.

Complaint of the pollution of the national capital's water supply is still being made. The Washington Star avers that the water drawn from any spigot or hydrant in that city has an offensive smell. No wonder the bar trade is so brisk in the capital.

It's about time for the progressive people of this Republic to stand up for their rights against the blue-stocking fanatics who desire to take away all the liberty our forefathers gave us. Why should a few, crazy, foolish, narrow-minded Prohibitionists rule us?

Dispatches from various sections of the West, in the States comprising the corn belt, show largely increased acreage throughout the Northwest. In the prohibition State of Kansas the fields have been planted three times. This looks well for the corn whisky distillers.

The cranks are making a desperate effort to kill trade of all kinds throughout the entire country. They object to respectable liquor-dealing, ball playing, billiard matches, horse-racing, bright and lively newspapers, theatrical shows, and every other sort of amusement and sport in the land.

A tobacco broker said the other day: "The glut will probably cause a temporary fall in prices, but it will not last long, as there is no old stock on hand. The tobacco in Virginia is sold on the spot, and little of it comes to New York, except in transit for export. New York depends mostly on the West for its supply. Prices are still steady in this city."

Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, the mistress of the White House, declares herself as in favor of the most radical temperance—yes, of annihilation of all spirituous liquors—in a fearfully unintelligible communication over her own signature. Such a public performance on the part of this lady, particularly in her position as "the first lady of the land," is doubly objectionable.

This is the way a fly Western liquor dealer advertises to catch on: "Having experienced a change of heart through the blessed efforts of Brother R. and Sister S., I desire to state to my numerous friends and patrons that at the end of the current month I shall retire from the accursed liquor traffic for ever. Until that time my stock on hand will be offered at greatly reduced rates. Come one, come all."

The London Echo treats a grave subject with unseemly levity. "The medicinal qualities," it says, "of brandy, whisky and wine have become warmly appreciated in the Prohibition States of America. Last month alone the druggists of Lawrence City, in Kansas, sold a hundred gallons of these liquors, which are declared out there to be at once an unfailing specific for corns and matchless for the hands and complexion."

A sensation was occasioned at Sioux City the other evening by the discovery that Mr. and Mrs. Deutcher, the temperance apostles lecturing there are Mr. Anderson, alias Watson, and Mrs. Brown, alias Mrs. Adams, and that they are not married. It was discovered that Deutcher had abandoned a family in Michigan, and Mrs. Deutcher a husband in Illinois. The pair met in Michigan, and as husband and wife have traveled throughout Colorado and Kansas. They were filling a week's engagement here for big pay, stopping with our best families. They jumped the town.

The elegant Tom Creamer is on the war-path. He seeks the scalps of Excise Commissioners Nick Houghton and William H. Mitchell. He alleges that just before the late Presidential election these two admirable gentlemen went about the city in an open barouche calling on brewers, liquor dealers and saloon-keepers to put up money for a political campaign fund. The brewers, says Mr. Creamer, were especially forced to contribute, and some of them handed over large sums of money which they would gladly have kept in their own pockets; but they didn't dare to refuse the Excise Commissioners. What does the able Board say to this?

A large meeting of importers of wine from Australia and Cape Colony was held in London, Eng., the other day. Resolutions were passed imploring the government to adhere to its decision to reduce the duties on wine, despite the failure of the negotiations with Spain for reciprocal concessions. The importers take the ground that the Government has no right to unsettle values by promising, and then withdrawing important changes in the tariff. On the strength of the proposed reductions, importers have bought up the entire yield of many vineyards in Australia and the Cape at reduced prices, and it is privately admitted in the trade that scores of houses will be ruined if the duty is maintained at the present figures.

On the second floor of Beadleston & Woerz's malt-house there is a big bin, in which is stored the malt. It holds 10,000 bushels. At the bottom of the bin is an opening, through which the malt descends into an elevator, which carries it to the brewery. The opening is covered by slides, which are kept over it when the elevator is not running. The other morning the elevator bolt was started and the bin slides pulled out. For a few moments the malt poured out as usual. Then it slowed, and stopped. The workmen went to investigate. They poked at the opening with poles, and were surprised to see a boot-encased foot pop through, and then saw that the body to which the foot belonged had stopped the flow of malt. At the bottom they found Carl Richter, who was employed in the malt house. He was dead, having been suffocated. It's thought that Richter wanted to shirk work, and had climbed to the top of the bin and had lain down on the malt to sleep. When the slides were pulled out and the malt began to run through the opening, his weight carried him down just as if he were in a quicksand, and he smothered.

## PARADING BEFORE GEN. GRANT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It was not generally known Decoration morning that the Seventh Regiment intended to honor Gen. Grant; but as soon as the news got abroad West Sixty-sixth street was thronged with interested spectators, who waited patiently to witness one of the most interesting spectacles of the day. Headed by the regimental band the regiment marched from its armory punctually at 9 o'clock to the street on which the General lives. Upon approaching that thoroughfare the band commenced to play several old war tunes. The sound of music naturally attracted the attention of the occupants of No. 3, the General's residence, and one of the first to approach the window was the old hero, who, clothed in his dressing-gown and skull-cap, stood unsupported awaiting their approach. Mrs. Grant stood at the front window and Col. Fred. Grant and wife looked on from the library.

Upon approaching the front of the house, and when abreast of the General, Col. Clark, the commander, came to a "salute," which the General promptly returned in military fashion by raising his right hand.

Soon after came the Reno and Gilsa Posts, G. A. R., with their band playing "Marching Through Georgia." The scene was most impressive as the General took his place at the front window, while the veterans marched past with uncovered heads. Gen. Grant was greatly affected by this tribute of devotion, and gazed longingly at the line until it passed from his vision.

## RICHARD S. SCOTT.

[With Portrait.]

Last Wednesday morning Wall street was startled by the announcement that the paying-teller of the Bank of the Manhattan Company had left suddenly for Canada with some \$100,000 stealings. The officers of the bank at once offered a reward of \$5,000 for the capture of the runaway. It is said that Scott left this city on last Monday evening on the Montreal express of the Hudson River Railroad. He bought a ticket for Brockville, Ont., and acted in the coolest manner in his flight. Pinkerton's detectives are on his track, and, with great speed and energy, will no doubt run him down.

## OWEN FAWCETT.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere we print a portrait of Mr. Owen Fawcett, lately of the Union Square Company, who is to manage a Big Bonanza Combination of his own next season. Everybody who knows Mr. Fawcett, and his friends are legion, will wish him as much prosperity as was originally implied in the celebrated mope of that name.

## A TRAIN RUN BY A MADMAN.

He Has a Car All to Himself From Kansas City to Chicago.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Passenger train No. 6 on the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Railroad arrived in Chicago, May 31, an hour and a half late in charge of a madman. Of the twelve or fifteen men, policemen and civilians, who took part in capturing him, one policeman is dead, shot through the body; another is probably fatally wounded; several civilians are injured, and the lunatic himself lies in the Cook County Hospital mortally wounded, with three bullets in his body.

Shortly before noon the policeman at the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific depot on Polk street, received the following dispatch:

"CHENOA, ILL., May 31.

"I have an insane man on my train who has possession of one car. The police at Kansas City, Jacksonville, and Peoria were all afraid to take him. Please send ten or twelve policemen out on No. 1 to take him when we arrive in Chicago. They had better come in citizens' clothes. They will have to look sharp, or some one will get hurt."

"PUTNAM, Conductor No. 6."

"No. 6," which left Kansas City the night before, was due in Chicago at 2:30 P. M. There was difficulty in starting out "No. 1," as directed in the dispatch, and it was decided to meet the train at the depot. Policemen Casey, Ryan, Murphy, Rowan, Walsh, Strenning, Doherty, Barrett and Kanan, in uniform, and Smith, Terry, Amstein, O'Brien and Laughlin, in citizens' clothes, under the command of Lieut. Laughlin, made up the squad which arrived at the depot ten minutes before the train was due. The train being delayed, as was subsequently learned, by ineffectual efforts to capture the lunatic, the police were forced to wait more than an hour.

After much anxious speculation as to the condition of things on board the train, the policemen were anything but reassured by a dispatch from a suburban station, warning them that the maniac was well armed, and would resist desperately. A little later "No. 6" appeared in sight, and the policemen, separating so as to form two squads, awaited its arrival on either side of the track. As the train approached the whistle sounded a number of warning notes in quick succession, and passengers hanging half way out of the car windows were seen to gesticulate wildly to the crowd. Before the train had come to a standstill a dozen passengers jumped to the ground and fled, looking back with blanched faces.

Policeman Barrett was the first to get sight of the maniac. Barrett was standing near the rear end of the smoking-car. The madman, with leveled revolver, glared at him from the front platform of the chair car, the length of one car distant. Barrett turned half round and stooped instantly, but too late. A ball from the maniac's revolver struck him in the side, and in five minutes he was dead. One look at the maniac was enough to satisfy any one that while his ammunition lasted he would not be taken alive. Seeing this, the policemen, after removing their wounded comrade, began a fusillade through the windows of the smoking-car, where the madman had taken refuge. A minute or two later he plunged out on to the platform, fired two shots into the crowd, leaped from the train, and dashed down Fourth avenue. Policeman Laughlin started in hot pursuit. The maniac fired the last shot in his weapon, but without effect. Then he stopped, and waited Laughlin's coming with gleaming eyes and frothing mouth. They clinched, the policeman tripped the maniac, and they both fell, the madman meanwhile beating Laughlin unmercifully on the head with his revolver.

Laughlin was in citizen's clothes, and was set upon and terribly pounded by an excited colored man, who mistook him for the madman. The rest of the squad arrived so in afterward, and the maniac was secured. He was taken first to a cell, and then to the hospital to have his wounds dressed. When he realized that further resistance was useless, he grew calm, and said quite rationally that his name was Louis Reanne, that he was thirty-three years old, and was en route to his home in Detroit from Denver. On his person was found a cartridge belt for sixty shots, of which fifty were gone, and a 44-caliber revolver of the navy pattern. From papers found on his person it appears that Reanne lived at 50 Antelope street, Denver, last year. Passenger Agent Hazeltine says he recently lived in Osage county, Kansas, and is an ugly character even in his sober senses.

## BOB FARRELL.

[With Portrait.]

Bob Farrell, the noted light-weight pugilist, of New York, who is acknowledged to be one of the most scientific boxers in the world, is now a resident of Cincinnati. He was born in Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 28, 1848. He received a common school education in his native village. He made his first appearance as a sparrer at an exhibition tendered Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, at Manchester, N. H., beating one George Allen, and showed such wonderful aptitude for that line of business that O'Baldwin offered him a permanent position to travel and give exhibitions with him. His first encounter of note was with Edward Carroll, alias the "Hoboken Clipper," at George Rourke's benefit at 418 Broadway. "The Clipper" had made a bold offer to box any one in the hall, and Coburn pitted Farrell against him. The youngster made a chopping-block of the pride of Hoboken and made him stop in less than three rounds, an exceedingly rare occurrence with boxing-gloves in those days.

Local sports then took hold of Farrell and matched him to fight Bill McGarby, a noted rounder of Oil City, with bare hands. The fight took place on the McClintock farm, in Venango county, Penn. The fight lasted 55 minutes, and thirty-five rounds had been fought when McGarby's friends, seeing he was getting the worst of it, broke in the ropes and the mill degenerated into a rough-and-tumble fight, in which all hands took part. He next met Bill Allen, colored, at Ben Hogan Opera House, Petrolia, Penn. The contest was with gloves. Farrell won and drove his opponent from the stage in the second round. This was in 1871. In the same year he met the notorious Ed. Mountain, who at that time had Youngstown terrorized. The fight was the outgrowth of a street fight. The men stripped and fought in a hand-ball court. Farrell was getting the best of it, when Mountain's friends came to the rescue, and while they were trying to best him the police got nose of the affair, and broke up the mill by arresting Farrell. He also met Gano, the Russian, in the same year on the Burton (Ohio) Fair Grounds, in a bare-handed fight for a purse. Farrell won by five rounds, lasting 25 minutes.

He then opened a sporting resort in Forty-sixth street, and was doing a thriving business up until the time Sullivan organized his first athletic and sparring combination. Billy Madden induced Farrell to join fortunes with the show, and he made a tour with the company of all the principal cities in the country, sparring nightly with both Madden and McCoy. On their return from Mississippi, after the Ryan-Sullivan fight, he made a tour of the New England States with the same party: At Buffalo, N. Y., Farrell met and defeated Baker, who had been defeated by Mervine Thompson. He also defeated Billy Mitchell, the light weight, of Baltimore. He next defeated Harry Gilmore, the light-weight champion of Canada, in four rounds, at Toronto, Canada. The combination soon after disbanded, owing to some dispute between Sullivan and Coburn, and Farrell returned to New York city. Farrell, after issuing a challenge to fight any light weight in America, remained at leisure until he went to Ohio. He located at Columbus, and it was not his intention to fight any more, but simply to teach the art of self-defense. He was challenged by Charlie McDonald, ex-heavy-weight champion of Canada. The fight was four rounds for all of the receipts, and took place in Robinson's Opera House.

Our readers are too familiar with the details of the fight to repeat what an easy victory Farrell had over his burly opponent, who had the best of him in weight by nearly sixty pounds. It is enough to say that McDonald never touched the New Yorker in the four rounds, while Farrell made a mark of McDonald, and hit him whenever and wherever he liked.

## IT IS AS SURE AS THE SUNRISE TO-MORROW.

As sure as to-morrow's sunrise is the grand drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, monthly. At the 17th Grand Drawing, on April 14, 1885, the following was the result: Ticket No. 58,075 drew the first prize of \$75,000. It was sold in fifts at \$1 each—one to John W. Haywood and L. M. Verdery, No. 38 Charlton Street, Savannah, Ga.; one to J. A. B. Putnam, Mt. Pleasant, Texas; one to F. Spendrup, Donaldsonville, La.; one to W. C. Parker, of Windfall, Ind.; and another to a party in Washington, D. C. The second prize, \$25,000, won by No. 55,813, sold also in fifts—one to Henry Urban, U. S. Marine Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.; one to Fred'k Maas, New York city; one to Fred. B. Beach, New York city; the other fifts went elsewhere. No. 61,350 drew the third prize of \$10,000 was also sold in fifts—one held by Dan M. Moriarty, No. 586 Second Avenue, New York city; one by W. J. Collier, 623 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; one collected by Britton & Koonits, bankers, Natchez, Miss.; two others by John M. Gies, No. 217 Croghan Street Detroit, Mich. The fourth prizes, each \$5,000, drawn by Nos. 6,517 and 23,671 were scattered in fractions to Boston, San Francisco, St. Paul, Hanly, Ky., Gainesville, Texas, and Montgomery, Ala.—Lexington (Ky.) Press, May 13.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

OFFICE OF W. H. REED,  
Wholesale Dealer in  
Cahvams, Agents, Street Men and Novelty  
Dealers' Supplies,  
DETROIT, MICH., May 25, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:  
DEAR SIR:—During the last two weeks I have got the following foreign letters: One from Canton, China; one from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands (an order); one from Paris (an order); two from Havana; one from Kingston, Jamaica; one from Belfast; one from Glasgow; one from Liverpool; and one (an order) from Middleborough, Eng. It seems funny that we should catch these letters all so close together, and they are the first foreign mail we have ever received. Guess the GAZETTE is the proper paper.  
W. H. REED.

CHICAGO, May 23, 1885.  
Mr. Richard K. Fox, New York:  
DEAR SIR:—We do not remember to have placed an advertisement that has brought us as many returns as the one in your paper last. Yours very truly,  
R. W. TANNILL & Co.

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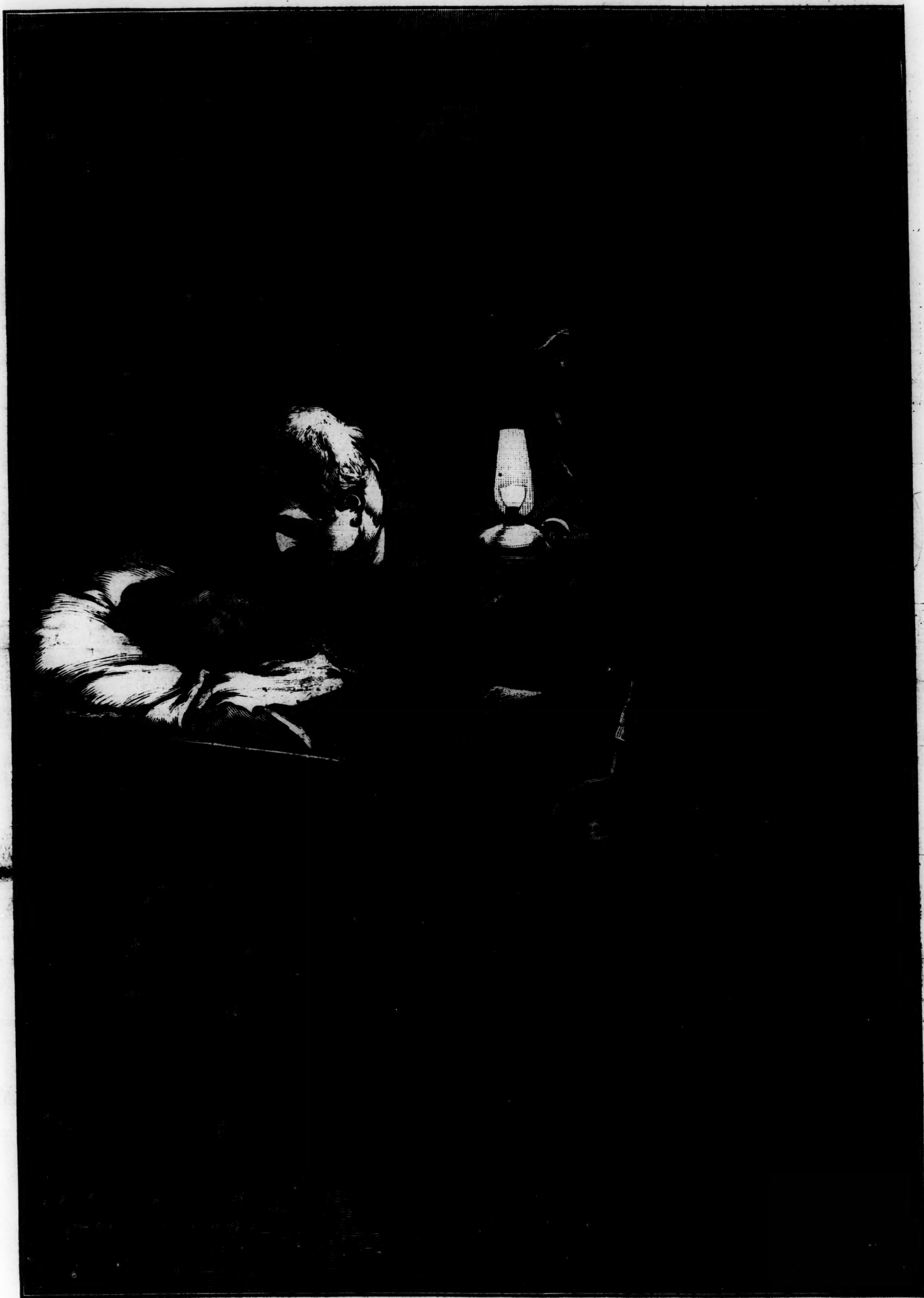
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